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NARRATIVE

NARRATIVE

OF A

Captivity among the Mohawk Indians,

AND A

DESCRIPTION OF NEW NETHERLAND

IN 1642–3,

BY

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES,

OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

WITH

A MEMOIR OF THE HOLY MISSIONARY,

By JOHN GILMARY SHEA,

OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following papers, written by the illustrious missionary between the years 1642 and 1646, consist of,

I. Narrative of his Captivity among the Mohawks, from a Latin manuscript preserved at Montreal, and in Alegambe.

II. Account of his Escape, from the Relation of 1642–3, p. 284.

III. Description of New Netherland, from his original manuscript.

IV. His last Letters in 1646, from the Relation of 1646–7.

V. Captivity and Death of René Goupil, from his original manuscript.

VI. Letters of Gov. Kieft announcing his death, from an attested copy preserved at Montreal.

The narrative of his captivity forms part of a manuscript volume, entitled "Memoires touchant la mort et les vertus des peres Isaac Jogues, Anne de Noue, Antoine Daniel, Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel et René Goupil," consisting of authentic papers relating to their life and death, being copied from originals, and each sworn to by Fathers Paul Ragueneau and Joseph Poncet; as to Father Jogues, it includes Father Buteux's "Narré de la prise du p. Isaac Jogues," Jogues' own narrative, his account of the captivity and death of Goupil, and letters of Fathers Buteux and De Quen relative to his death. It was found, accompanied by the Description of New Netherland, and the account of Goupil's death, in the handwriting of Father Jogues himself, both in letter form, with the folds and incisions for sealing in use at the time, and both more easily read than the court-hand of the volume. They were found in the Hospital of the Augustin nuns, or Hotel Dieu, at Quebec, where they had been deposited shortly before 1800 by Father Cazot, the last of the old race of the Jesuits of the French colony, who seeing his body then about to expire by the enactments of the English conquerors, which prevented their receiving new members, wished to save for Catholicity at least a few of the most valuable of the papers in the archives. The

volume in question, and some others, were selected by him, and faithfully preserved by the ladies to whom he intrusted them, as a sacred deposit, and were by them restored to the Jesuits soon after their return to Canada a few years since.

The use of these manuscripts has been kindly afforded by the Rev. Felix Martin, President of St. Mary's College, Montreal, Corresponding Member of the Society.

MEMOIR.

ISAAC JOGUES was born at Orleans, in France, on the tenth of January, 1607, and his family still enjoys the esteem of his native city. Educated in a Jesuit college but lately opened there, his tender piety, his wonderful love of the Cross, or, in less ascetic language, of sufferings, and a desire of pouring out his blood in attempting to convert the heathen to the Faith of Christ, induced him, towards the close of his studies, to ask to be enrolled among the members of the celebrated Society which had directed his education. Admitted to the Rouen novitiate in 1624, he was sent, after the two years of seclusion and prayer which usher in the religious life, to Paris to continue his literary studies. In 1629, he began his career as a teacher, and for four years attracted universal admiration by his able scholarship and ability in the direction of youth. The following letter in its latinity would do credit to a scholar writing in the quiet of his study; and other monuments are extant to show how easily he might have grasped at literary fame. He sighed, however, for the missions; and it was with joy that he received a summons to repair to the Clermont College, at Paris, to prepare, by the study of divinity, for the order of priesthood, which would enable him to set out for that field which he had ever ardently desired.

In 1636, after four years' study, he was ordained priest, and ordered to prepare for immediate embarkation to Canada, to which, when all chance of the European mission was cut off, his longings had been turned. After bidding farewell to his mother and family, he set sail from Dieppe with Father Garnier and Father Chatelain, and after a stormy voyage reached Miscou, a little island at the entrance of Chaleurs Bay, where the Jesuits then had a missionary station. Here he landed; but after a short stay proceeded to Quebec, and arrived in the city on the 2d of July: his two companions

had already started for the Huron mission—a long and painful voyage by the Ottawa river. He followed, embarking in his frail canoe at Three Rivers, on the 24th of August. "It would not be easy," says he, in a letter to his mother, "to detail all the miseries of the voyage; but the love of God, who calls us to these missions, and our desire of contributing something to the conversion of these poor savages, renders this so sweet, that we would not exchange these pains for all the joys of earth. Our food on the way is a little Indian corn, pounded between two stones, and boiled in water without any seasoning; our bed the earth, or the frightful rocks, lining the great river, which rolled by us in the clear moonlight, for we always slept in the open air. The posture to be taken in the canoe is extremely inconvenient; you cannot stretch out your legs, so little and cramped is it: scarcely do you venture to move, for fear of capsizing all into the river. I was forced to keep perfect silence, being able neither to understand nor make myself understood by my Indians. Another source of pain and hardship is, that in this voyage we meet sixty or eighty cataracts, or waterfalls, which descend so precipitously, and from such a height, that the canoes are often ingulfed by approaching too near them. We indeed were not exposed to this, as we went against the current; but we were not the less obliged to land very frequently, and make through the neighboring rocks and wood a *detour* of a league or more, loaded with our baggage, and with even our canoe. As for me, I not only carried my little bundle, but I also helped our Indians and relieved them as much as I could, till at last a boy some ten or twelve years old, belonging to our party, fell sick: then I was forced to carry him on my shoulders in the marches occasioned by the falls, of which I have spoken." This and the heavy burdens which he afterwards had to carry broke him down, so that soon after his arrival at the mission of St. Joseph's, at Ihonatiria, he was prostrated by a dangerous malady. Destitute of every suitable remedy, of food, and even of care, as his fellow-missioners, one by one, were prostrated around, he trusted to Providence alone, and soon recovered. He was immediately initiated into a missionary life by Father Brebeuf, and spent the winter in hurrying from town to town to visit the victims of a pestilence then raging throughout the country. Like all the missionaries, he had to contest every inch of ground with the medicine men, who saw in the new apostles the destroyers of their influence. The study of the language engaged his leisure hours; and when the violence of the epidemic abated, he daily visited

a number of cabins to learn the practice, then returned to listen to the theory of the Huron language explained by its first master, Brebeuf. After passing unscathed through the terrible persecution and imminent danger to which the missionaries were exposed when the plague broke out anew a year later, and almost depeopled the land, Father Jogues, with the rest of the missionaries, removed to Teananstayae, the second St. Joseph's, (the first missionary station, Ihonatiria, having dwindled to a few cabins.) We find him next, with Garnier, carrying the Cross to the Petuns, who had imbibed such prejudice against them, that the town Ehwaa, unmindful of Indian hospitality, closed its doors against them in the depth of winter, and compelled the missionaries to depart from their ungrateful cabins. Never again had it a season of mercy; the next year it was a heap of ruins, destroyed by famine, pestilence, and war.

On his return from this painful mission, Father Jogues was stationed at the permanent residence which, under the name of St. Mary's, had risen on the banks of the river Wye. As in old convents, a hospice stood hard by, where the wayfarer might enter in, and where neophytes came from the most distant villages to receive, away from the noise of their towns, full and particular instruction in the truths of Christianity. From this seminary issued many of the ablest and most fervent Catechists of the Huron Church. Father Jogues was not, however, to remain here long: the Jesuit, like the soldier, is ever liable to receive orders for a distant march. In the summer of 1641, the neighboring nations had gathered in the Huron country to witness the games, the dances and the alternately joyful and lugubrious ceremonies of the Feast of the Dead. Among the rest, came the Pauoitigoueieuhak, from the rapid outlet of Lake Superior. Charmed with the conduct of the missionaries, they invited them to their lodges, and Father mbault was chosen to visit them from his skill in Algonquin; Father Jogues was assigned to him as a companion, and they launched their bark in September on the Fresh-Water Sea; and, wandering amid its maze of isles, hallowed to the Indian's mind, in seventeen days reached the Sault de Gaston, which henceforth assumes in the mission annals the name we still give it—Sault St. Mary's. Here, where the adventurous Nicolet had penetrated a few years before, Jogues and Raymbault planted the Cross turned to the South, where a great river was said to stretch away to a vast lake, passing by the villages of countless tribes. Two thousand Indians assembled round the Cross, and listened with attention to

the words of truth; they earnestly pressed the missionaries to winter with them; but the Huron land reclaimed them, and they returned to their labors there.

While the missionaries were thus extending their spiritual conquests on every side, they were personally reduced to a state of most frightful poverty; their clothes were in shreds, their little stock of flour for hosts, was all but expended; for wine, they pressed the wild grape of the forest, but even then they had not chalices and vestments enough for the various missions. The want of the mere comforts of life had no weight with them, but now they needed what could not be foregone; and though the Iroquois, who had for some time back prevented all intercourse with Quebec, still waylaid the passage, a Father must be sent: the Superior stated to Jogues his wish that he should go; he had already asked of heaven an occasion of suffering; his prayer was heard; he bowed his head and departed.

The following letters (i.–iv.) will detail his subsequent history, and give us, in his own words, the sufferings of this refined scholar and poet, yet no less humble and zealous missionary.

The sequel of his career after his captivity can be shortly told. He left New York in a small bark on the 5th of November, and after much hardship, put into Falmouth, in England, having almost fallen into the hands of a Parliament cruiser. Here their bark was entered by robbers, and F. Jogues stripped of his hat and coat. Having seen a French collier, he went up to him, and though at first taken for a beggar, made known his real character, and obtained passage to the French coast, which he reached, between Brest and St. Pol de Leon on Christmas Day, early enough to satisfy his devotion by receiving communion, of which he had so long been deprived.

A good merchant took him to Rennes: unknown, he presented himself at the college of his order as one who brought news from Canada. The Rector, who was preparing to say Mass, hurried to see the stranger as soon as he heard the word Canada. Almost his first question was as to Father Jogues. "Do you know him?" "I know him well," said the other. "We have heard of his capture by the Iroquois, and his horrible sufferings. What has become of him? Is he still alive?" "He is alive," said F. Jogues; "he is free, he is now speaking to you!"—and he cast himself at the feet of his astonished Superior to ask his blessing.

Once known, honors met him on every side; objects belonging

to him were eagerly sought as relics; the Queen Regent even requested that he should come to Paris, that she might see so illustrious a sufferer. All this was painful to him, and it was not till three times summoned that he proceeded to the capital. He longed to return to Canada; but one thing prevented his departure. The mangled hands which had been reverently kissed by the Queen and Court of France, were an obstacle to his celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. A dispensation was needed. Urban VIII. then sat in the See of Peter—a Pope noted especially for the stringent rules which he introduced against any symptom of public veneration to the departed servants of God until their life and virtues had been sifted and examined in the long and minute legal proceedings for canonization. Yet when the application of Father Jogues was presented, and he had learned the story of his sufferings, he forgot his own laws, and exclaimed, as he granted it, "Indignum esse Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem."

Nothing now detained the missionary in France; and early in the spring of 1644 he was again in Canada. The colony was on the brink of ruin; but the Governor fortunately brought the Mohawks to offer peace. It was concluded at Three Rivers on the 12th of July, 1645. Father Jogues, though stationed at Montreal, was present, and an anxious observer of the state of feeling. The treaty was at last confirmed on the Mohawk, and again renewed on the St. Lawrence, with a request for a missionary.

Conscious that he would be selected, Father Jogues announced to his friends his perilous mission, (v.;) and in April, 1646, readily accepted it when offered by his Superior, (vi.)

Though a mission was resolved upon, it was thought better that he should go first as ambassador, and was accordingly sent with Mr. Bourdon, an officer in the employ of the colony.* Of his embassy, the missionary drew up a full account, which was in existence till 1800, when it was, with other papers belonging to the Canada Jesuits, seized by the British Government. It has now disappeared. The "Relation," which doubtless followed it, says that they left Three

* As the misssionary was about to set out, an Algonquin chief advised him to lay aside his religious habit. His reason was striking: it exemplifies perfectly what has been called "the hideous face of Christianity." "There is nothing," said the Algonquin chiefs, "nothing more repulsive at first than this doctrine, that seems to exterminate all that men hold dearest. Your long gown preaches it as strongly as your lips: leave it, and go in a short coat."

Rivers on the 16th of May, 1646, with four Mohawks and two Algonquins. Ascending the Sorel, they traversed Lake Champlain, and on the 29th of May reached the beautiful lake below it. Its Iroquois name was Andiatarocte: for Europeans it was without a name, but as it was the eve of Corpus Christi, the festival instituted by the Church to honor Christ's presence in the Holy Sacrament, the missionary gave it the name, which it bore for more than a century—Lake Saint Sacrament.*

Continuing their march, they came to Ossaragué, a fishing station on the Maurice, or Upper Hudson, which they descended to Fort Orange. When the missionary had here repaid his debt of gratitude to his generous benefactors, the embassy proceeded to the Mohawk. The first castle was reached on the 7th of June, its name had been changed from Ossernenon to Oneougoure. Here Jogues was welcomed as a friend: a council of Sachems was soon convened, and he delivered the presents of the Governor, and in a discourse, still preserved, urged them to thoughts of peace. He was heard with attention, and responded to in a similar strain. According to Indian custom, he presented a belt of wampum to the tribe into which he had been incorporated. The Wolf replied that Ondessonk should ever find among them his mat to rest upon, and a fire to warm him.

Another present was yet to be made. Jogues had remarked among the spectators some Onondaga braves, and to these also he made a present, to smooth the way for the French to their land of lakes. This was cheerfully accepted; and Jogues, no longer a temporal envoy, turned to his spiritual avocations. The captive Christians were soon visited and consoled, the sacraments of baptism or penance conferred on many; but he could not delay as long as his zeal desired. The Iroquois pressed his departure, and on the 16th he left their castles for the St. Lawrence. As he expected to return speedily, he left a box containing his little missionary furniture: they showed a disinclination to keep it, but as he opened it in their presence he thought their suspicions dispelled, and went his way.

On his arrival in Canada, joy, such as had not been known for years, quickened every heart, for all had been so suspicious of the Mohawks, that public prayers had been constantly offered for the missionary and his companion.

His immediate return to the Mohawk was now expected; but

* It would need but a slight change to make Lake George, Lake Jogues, and surely its great discoverer deserves it better than a Hanoverian king.

suddenly there came mysterious rumors, and the Superiors paused. Jogues must not go.* But as the summer wore on all became quiet, and, yielding to his entreaty, the Superior permitted him to depart. In September, 1646, he left Three Rivers for the last time with Lalande, a worthy successor of Goupil, and some Hurons. As they advanced, they heard tidings which seemed positive as to the end of the peace: some Hurons left them, but Jogues went fearlessly on. After the return of these, the French were left in the greatest anxiety and uncertainty as to his fate. Months rolled by, and no tidings reached them: at last, almost at the same time, they heard from some Hurons, who had escaped from the Mohawk, an account of his death, and received letters from Governor Kieft which confirmed it.

The Indian account, as preserved in the manuscript of Father Buteux and Father De Quen, is, that when the missionary was within two days' march of the castles, that is, half way between Lake George and the Mohawk, he was met by a war party out against the French. The missionary and his companion were immediately seized, and in spite of his remonstrances stripped and beaten: they then turned homeward, and Father Jogues was again led naked into Gandawagué,† the place of his former captivity. Blows were mingled with threats of death on the morrow. "You shall not be burned," they cried; "you shall die beneath our hatchets, and your heads shall be fixed on our palisades, to show your brethren whom we take." In vain did he endeavor to show them the injustice of treating him as an enemy, when he came the messenger of peace: deaf to the voice of reason, and blinded by superstition, they began their butchery. Slicing off the flesh from his arms and back, they cried, "Let us see whether this white flesh is the flesh of an Otkon." "I am but a man like yourselves," replied the dauntless missionary, "though I fear not

* Decision in the Superior's journal.

† Thus do all the French Relations from this time name the place of his death: it is the same as Caughawaga, and means "at the rapids." Father Poncet, in the narrative of his captivity on the Mohawk, makes the place of Goupil's death that of Jogues' also, to be the second village, the Andagoron, or Gandagoron, of Father Jogues. The present Caughnawaga may therefore be considered the place of the missionary's death, as we have nothing to show that the village in question lay south of the Mohawk, although the first village did. Caughnawaga became, too, in the sequel, the centre of the most successful Catholic mission among the Iroquois, and is hallowed, not only by the deaths of Jogues and Goupil, but by the birth of the sainted Catharine Tehgakwita. It is our holy ground.

death, nor your tortures. You do wrong to kill me. I have come to your country to preserve peace and strengthen the land, and to show you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a dog! Fear the chastisement of Him who rules both the Indian and the French!"

In spite of their threats his fate was undecided. Of the three great families in each tribe, the Bear was clamorous for blood, while the Tortoise and his own, the Wolf, declared that he should live. A council was called in the largest town: it was there decided that he should be spared; but it was too late.

Towards evening, on the day after his arrival, some Indians of the Bear family came to invite him to supper; he rose to follow, but scarce had he stooped to enter the lodge, when an Indian, concealed within, sprang forward, and dealt him a terrible blow with his hatchet. Kiotsaeton, the deputy, who had concluded the peace, threw up his arm to avert the blow, but it cut through his arm, and sank deep in the head of the missionary. His head was then cut off, and set on the palisade. His companion shared his fate.

On the 5th of June, 1647, the day after the reception of the letters from the Dutch authorities (viii. ix.), a solemn Mass of the Dead was offered up at Quebec; but "we could not," says Ragueneau, "bring ourselves to offer for him the prayers of the dead. We offered the adorable sacrifice, but in thanksgiving for the favors which he had received from God. Laity and religious share our sentiments on this happy death, and more were found inclined to invoke his aid than to pray for his repose."

The Catholic clergy of our State may well be proud of so illustrious a founder, for he was the first priest who entered or labored in the city and State of New York.

His sufferings and toils now find a place in every history of our country; but we must not consider him as a mere explorer of the wilderness, rne up perhaps by religious enthusiasm. He was a man of deep and tender piety, of extraordinary candor and openness of soul, timid by nature, yet of tried courage and heroic firmness; a man who saw all in God, and in all resigned himself to the directing hand of Providence. To make God known at the expense of personal suffering was his only thought. In a word, he was one of those superior men who rise from time to time in the Church, so distinguished from all around by an impress of sanctity, by a prestige of all Christian virtue, as to make us look without astonishment on even miraculous powers in their hands.

NARRATIVE

OF THE CAPTIVITY OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, AMONG THE MOHAWKS, IN 1642 AND 1643.

REVEREND FATHER IN CHRIST,

THE PEACE OF CHRIST :

WISHING to write to your Reverence, I at first hesitated in what language to do so, for after so long a disuse, almost equally forgetful of both, I found equal difficulty in either. Two reasons, however, induced me to write in the less common idiom. I shall be better enabled to employ the words of Holy Scripture which have at all times been my greatest consolation, "amid the tribulations which have found us exceedingly," (Ps. xlv. 2;) I also wished this letter less easily understood.

The exceeding charity of your Reverence, which in other days overlooked my manifold trangressions, will excuse me if, after eight years' intercourse and residence with savages, nay, a savage now in form and dress myself, aught be here wanting in correctness or decorum. I fear still more, that, rude in language, I may be more so in knowledge, "nor know the time of my visitation," (Luke xix. 44,) nor remember the character imposed on me by God, of preacher of his Gospel, Jesuit and Priest. This induced me to write to you, that if this letter should ever reach your hands, I may, though living here in this hard land amid Iroquois and Maaquas, be helped by your masses and the prayers of your whole province. This aid, I trust, will be more earnestly given, when from a perusal of this letter * you shall have

* This letter is adddressed to the Provincial of the Jesuits at Paris. The original in its classic Latin has been printed by Alegambe, in his "Mortes illustres," Rome, 1657; and by Tanner in his "Societas militans," Prague, 1675.

seen both how much I am indebted to the Almighty, and in what need I am of the prayers of the pious, in which, I am aware, I have a powerful shield.

We sailed from the Hurons on the 13th of June, 1642, in four small boats, here called canoes; we were twenty-three in all, five of us being French.* The line of travel is in itself most difficult for many reasons, and especially because in no less than forty places both canoes and baggage must be carried by land on the shoulders. It was, moreover, now full of dangers, from fear of the enemy, who every year, by lying in wait on the roads to the French settlements, carry off many as prisoners; in fact, Father John de Brebeuf had been all but taken the year before. Besides this, they not long previous had carried off two Frenchmen, but afterwards brought them back to their countrymen unharmed, demanding peace on most unjust terms, and then conducted themselves in a very hostile manner, so that they were driven off by our cannons. On this they declared, that if they took another Frenchman prisoner, they would torture him cruelly, like their other captives, and then burn him alive at the stake.

The Superior, conscious of the dangers to which I was exposed on this journey, (one, however, absolutely necessary for God's glory,) assigned the task to me in such a way as to leave me at liberty to decline it if I chose. "I did not," however, "resist, I did not go back," (Isaias l.,) but willingly and cheerfully accepted this mission imposed upon me by obedience and charity. Had I declined it, it would have fallen to another, far more worthy than myself.

Having therefore loosed from St. Mary's of the Hurons, amid ever-varying fears of the enemy, dangers of every kind, losses by land and water, we at last, on the thirtieth day

A sworn copy of the autograph letter is preserved at Montreal, examined and attested in 1652 by Father Poncet, whose sufferings and captivity the next year were but a copy of those of Jogues and Bressani, who had preceded him to the Mohawk. There is also another narrative of F. Jogues' captivity, extorted from him by Father Buteux, when his superior, which is more full in some respects. This narrative was translated into Italian by Bressani in his work "Breve Relatione," into German in the edition of Tanner in that language, and part of it into French in the "Relation" of 1647; but, though written at the capital of the State of New York, has never till now appeared in English.

* The place from which they departed was the Mission-house of St. Mary's, on a little river now called the Wye. Traces still exist to mark the site of this cradle of European colonization in Upper Canada. It was at first at some distance from any Huron town, but some years after this date, on the ruin of the frontier towns, a village was grouped around it.

after our departure, reached in safety the Conception of the Blessed Virgin. This is a French settlement or colony, called Three Rivers, from a most charming stream which just there empties by three mouths into the great River St. Lawrence.* We returned hearty thanks to God, and remained here and at Quebec about two weeks.

Having transacted the business which had brought us down, we celebrated the feast of our holy father, Ignatius; and on the second of August were once more on our way for Huronia. The second day after our departure had just dawned when, by the early light, some of our party discovered fresh foot-prints on the shore. While some were maintaining that they were the trail of a hostile, others that of a friendly party, Eustace Ahatsistari, to whom for his gallant feats of arms all yielded the first rank, exclaimed, "Brothers! be they the bravest of the foe, for such I judge them by their trail, they are not more than three canoes, and we number enough not to dread such a handful of the enemy." We were, in fact, forty, for some others had joined us.

We consequently urged on our way, but had scarcely advanced a mile when we fell into an ambush of the enemy, who lay in two divisions on the opposite banks of the river, to the number of seventy in twelve canoes. As soon as we reached the spot where they lay in ambush, lurking in the reeds and tall grass, they poured in a volley of musketry, for they were well supplied with arms, riddling our canoes, but killing none: one Huron only was shot through the hand.† At the first report of the fire-arms, the Hurons, almost to a man, abandoned the canoes, which, to avoid the more rapid current of the centre of the river, were advancing close by the bank, and, in headlong flight, plunged into the thickest of the woods. We, the four Frenchmen, thus left with a few either already Christians, or at least Catechumens, offering up a prayer to Christ, faced the enemy

* The Algonquin name was Metaberoutse. It had been, prior to their expulsion from Canada, the site of an Iroquois town. Rel. 1634; Perrot MS.

† Father Jogues omits a fact worth mentioning. The pilot of his canoe was unbaptized, though instructed. Regardless of the balls whizzing around, he bade him kneel, and, bending down, took up a handful of water and baptized him. This Indian, Bernard Atieronhonk, afterwards escaped, and was ceaselees in his praise of the Missionary. "Ondesonk," he would exclaim, "forgot self at the sight of danger; he thought only of me and my salvation; he feared not to lose his own life, but feared lest I should be lost forever."

We were, however, outnumbered, being scarcely twelve or fourteen against thirty; yet we fought on till our comrades, seeing fresh canoes shoot out from the opposite bank of the river, lost heart and fled. Then a Frenchman named René Goupil, who was fighting with the bravest, was taken, together with some of the Hurons. When I saw this, I neither could nor cared to fly. Whither, indeed, could I escape, barefooted as I was? * Conceal myself amid the reeds and tall grass I could indeed, and thus, perhaps, escape; but could I leave a countryman and the unchristened Hurons, already taken, or soon to be? As the enemy, in hot pursuit of the fugitives, had passed on, leaving me standing on the battle-field, I called out to one of those who had remained to guard the prisoners, and bade him place me beside his French captive, that as I had been his companion on the way, so would I be in his dangers and death. Scarce crediting what he heard, and fearful for himself, he advanced and led me to the other prisoners.

"Dearest brother," I then exclaimed, "wonderfully hath God dealt with us; 'but he is the Lord, let him do what is good in his sight,' (1 Kings, iii. 18;) as it hath pleased him, so hath it come to pass, blessed be his name." Then, hearing his confession, I gave him absolution. I now turned to the Huron prisoners, and instructing them one by one, baptized them. As new prisoners were constantly taken in their flight, my labor was constantly renewed. At length, Eustace Ahasistari, that famous Christian chief, was brought in: when he saw me, he exclaimed, "Solemnly, indeed, did I swear, brother, that I would live or die by thee." What answer I made I know not, so much had grief overcome me. Last of all, William Couture was dragged in: he, too, had set out from Huronia with me. When he saw all routed, he had, with the rest, taken to the woods, and being a young man, as gifted in body as in mind, had by his agility left the enemy far behind; but when he looked around and could see nothing of me,—"Shall I," said he to himself, "abandon my dear Father a prisoner in the hands of the savages, and fly without him?—not I." Then, returning by the path which he had taken in flight, he gave himself up to the enemy. Would that he had fled,

* To keep their canoes free from sand and gravel, the Indians required all to enter them barefoot. Few even of the missionaries were exempted from this rule.

nor swelled our mournful band!—for, in such a case, it is no comfort to have companions, especially those whom you love as yourself. Yet such are the souls who, though but laymen, serve God and the society among the Hurons, with no views of earthly reward.* It is painful to think even of all his terrible sufferings. Their hate was enkindled against all the French, but especially against him, as they knew that one of their bravest had fallen by his hand in the fight. He was accordingly first stripped naked, all his nails torn out, his very fingers gnawed, and a broad sword driven through his right hand. Mindful of the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ, this pain, though most acute, he bore, as he afterwards told me, with great joy.

When I beheld him thus bound and naked, I could not contain myself, but, leaving my keepers, rushed through the midst of the savages who had brought him, embraced him most tenderly; exhorted him to offer all this to God for himself, and those at whose hands he suffered. They at first looked on, in wonder, at my proceeding; then, as if recollecting themselves, and gathering all their rage, they fell upon me, and with their fists, thongs and clubs beat me till I fell senseless. Two of them then dragged me back to where I had been before; and scarcely had I begun to breathe, when some others, attacking me, tore out, by biting, almost all my nails, and crunched my two fore-fingers with their teeth, giving me intense pain. The same was done to René Goupil, the Huron captives being left untouched.

When all had come in from the pursuit, in which two Hurons were killed, they carried us across the river, and there shared the plunder of the twelve canoes (for eight had joined us). This was very great; for, independent of what each Frenchman had with him, we had twenty packages, containing Church plate and vestments, books and other articles of the kind—a rich cargo, indeed, considering the poverty of our Huron mission. While they were dividing the plunder, I completed the instruction of such as were unchristened and baptized them. Among the rest, was one

* Goupil and Couture were what are called in the old French writers, *Donnés*, that is, *men given:* they were not religious of the order to which they attached themselves, but laymen, who, from motives of zeal, gave themselves to the missionaries, to be employed as they saw fit. There probably never was a set of more humble and heroic men than the Donnés of the early Catholic missions.

sere octogenarian warrior, who, when ordered to enter the canoe to be borne off with the rest, exclaimed, "What! shall I, a hoary old man, go to a strange and foreign land? Never! here will I die," and there he died, for absolutely refusing to go, they slew him on the very spot, where he had just been baptized.

Raising then a joyful shout, which made the forest ring, "as conquerors who rejoice after taking a prey," [Isaiah ix. 3,] they bore us off, as captives towards their own land. We were twenty-two, three had been killed. By the favor of God our sufferings on that march, which lasted thirteen days,* were indeed great; hunger and heat and menaces, the savage fury of the Indians, the intense pain of our untended and now putrifying wounds, which actually swarmed with worms. No trial, however, came harder upon me than to see them five or six days after approach us jaded with the march, and, in cold blood, with minds in nowise excited by passion, pluck out our hair and beard and drive their nails, which are always very sharp, deep into parts most tender and sensitive to the slightest impression. But this was outward; my internal sufferings affected me still more, when I beheld that funereal procession of doomed Christians pass before my eyes, among them five old converts, the main pillars of the infant Huron Church.† Indeed I ingenuously admit that I was again and again unable to withhold my tears, mourning over their lot and that of my other companions, and full of anxious solicitude for the future. For I beheld the way to the Christian faith closed by these Iroquois on the Hurons and countless other nations, unless they were checked by some seasonable dispensation of Divine Providence.

On the eighth day we fell in with a troop of 200‡ Indians

* Every copy of this letter printed in Latin or other languages, till the discovery of the manuscript at Montreal, has here 38 days, although the context shows the error. Taken the 2d, they reached the Castles on the 15th, leaving just 13 days as the manuscript actually has. The Relation of 1647, Bressani, in his work in 1653, as well as Alegambe and Tanner, have the erroneous number.

† The progress of the missionaries among the Hurons was at first extremely slow; three years elapsed after their return before a single adult was baptized, and indeed the conversion of Ahasistari, just before the date of this narrative, was the first impulse given. On his example and influence the missionaries had built many fond hopes, and Jogues might well grieve to see them blasted. The conversions of the Huron in any considerable number took place only when the nation was on the brink of ruin. See Bressani, Breve Rel.

‡ Charlevoix, probably by a misprint, says 700. The place was an island in Lake Champlain. See account of René Goupil.

going out to fight; and as it is the custom for savages when out on war parties to initiate themselves, as it were, by cruelty, under the belief that their success will be greater as they shall have been more cruel, they thus received us. First rendering thanks to the Sun, which they imagine presides over war, they congratulated their countrymen by a joyful volley of musketry. Each then cut some stout clubs in the neighboring wood in order to receive us. After we had landed from the canoes they fell upon us from both sides with their clubs in such fury, that I, who was the last and therefore most exposed to their blows, sank overcome by their number and severity, before I had accomplished half the rocky way that led to the hill on which a stage had been erected for us. I thought I should soon die there; and so, partly because I could not, partly because I cared not, I did not arise. How long they spent their fury on me He knows, for whose love and sake it is delightful and glorious thus to suffer. Moved at length by a cruel mercy, and wishing to carry me to their country alive, they ceased to strike. And thus half dead and drenched in blood, they bore me to the scaffold. Here I had scarce begun to breathe when they ordered me to come down to load me with scoffs and insults, and countless blows on my head and shoulders, and indeed on my whole body. I should be tedious were I to attempt to tell all that the French prisoners suffered. They burnt one of my fingers, and crunched another with their teeth; others already thus mangled they so wrenched by the tattered nerves, that even now, though healed, they are frightfully deformed. Nor indeed was the lot of my fellow-sufferers much better.

But one thing showed that God watched over us, and was rather trying than cutting us off. One of these savages, breathing naught but blood and cruelty, came up to me, scarce able to stand on my feet, and, seizing my nose with one hand, prepared to cut it off with a large knife which he held in the other. What could I do? Believing that I was soon to be burnt at the stake, unmoved, I awaited the stroke, groaning to my God in heart, when, as if stayed by a supernatural power, he drew back his hand in the very act of cutting. About a quarter of an hour after he returned, and, as it were, condemning his cowardice and faintheartedness, again prepared to do it; when again held back by some similar unseen hand he departed. Had he carried out his

design my fate was sealed, for it is not their custom to grant life to captives thus mutilated.

My sufferings were great in themselves, heightened by the sight of what a like cruelty had wreaked on the Christian Hurons, fiercer than all in the case of Eustace ; for they had cut off both his thumbs,* and through the stump of the left one they, with savage cruelty, drove a pointed stake up to his very elbow. This frightful pain he bore most nobly and piously.

The following day we fell in with some other war canoes, who cut off some of our companions' fingers to our great dread.

On the tenth day about noon, we left our canoes, and performed on foot the rest of the journey, which lasted four days. Besides the usual hardships of the march came that of carrying the baggage ; hunger, too, was ever increased by the ever increasing want of food, so much so that for three days we ate nothing but some berries once gathered on the way.†

[Aug. 15th.] At last, on the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, we reached the first village of the Iroquois. I thank our Lord Jesus Christ that on the day when the whole Christian world exults in the glory of His Mother's Assumption into heaven, he called us to some small share and fellowship of his sufferings and cross. Indeed we had, during the journey, always foreseen that it would be a sad and bitter day for us. It would have been easy for René and me to escape that day and the flames, for being often unbound and at a distance from our guards, we might, in the darkness of night, have struck off from the road, and even though we should never reach our countrymen, we would at least meet a less cruel death in the woods. He constantly refused to do this, and I was resolved to suffer all that could befall me, rather than forsake in death Frenchmen and Christian Hurons, depriving them of the consolation which a priest can afford.

On the eve of Assumption, then, about three o'clock, we

* This practice of cutting off fingers so constant with the Iroquois was, before firearms were known, a matter of policy, to unfit their prisoners from handling the bow. Sagard, 461.

† The text in Alegambe, and others, has here some details which I omit, as they are not in the manuscript. One of these describes the Indian custom of taking warm water to check the pangs of hunger.

reached a river, which flows by their village [Ossernenon]. Both banks were filled with Iroquois, who received us with clubs, fists and stones. As a bald or thinly covered head is an object of aversion to them, this tempest burst in its fury on my bare head.* Two of my nails had hitherto escaped, these they tore out with their teeth and with their keen nails stripped off the flesh beneath to the very bones. When satisfied with the cruelty and mockeries which we thus received by the river side, they led us to their village on the top of the hill. At its entrance we met the youth of all that district, awaiting us in a line on each side of the road, all armed with clubs. Conscious that if we withdrew ourselves from the ranks of those chastised, we no less withdrew ourselves from those of the children, we cheerfully offered ourselves to our God, thus like a father chastising us, that in us "he might be well pleased." Our order was as follows: in the front of the line they placed a Frenchman, alas! entirely naked, not having even his drawers; René Goupil was in the centre, and I, last of all, closed the line.

The Iroquois scattered themselves through the line between us and the Hurons, to check our speed and afford more time and ease to our torturers to strike us thus separately as we passed. Long and cruelly indeed "did the wicked work upon my back," [Psalms, cxxviii. 3,] not with clubs merely, but even with iron rods, which they have in abundance, from their proximity to the Europeans; one of the foremost, armed with an iron ball of the size of a fist, slung to a thong, dealt me so violent a blow that I should have fallen senseless, had not fear of a second given me strength and courage. Running then our long race amid this fearful hail of blows, we with difficulty reached the stage erected in the centre of the village.

If each here presented a face to excite compassion, René's was certainly the most pitiable. Being by no means quick or active he had received so many blows all over his body, but especially in the face, that nothing could be distinguished there but the white of his eyes; more beautiful, indeed, as he more resembled Him, whom we have beheld 'as a leper and smitten by God for us,' "in whom there was no comeliness or beauty." [Isaias liii. 2.]

We had but just time to draw breath on this stage when

* Not in MSS.

one, with a huge club, gave us Frenchmen three terrible blows on the bare back; the savages now took out their knives and began to mount the stage, and cut off the fingers of many of the prisoners, and as a captive meets with cruelty proportioned to his dignity they began with me, as my manner of acting showed me to be in authority among the French and Hurons. Accordingly an old man and a woman* approached the spot where I stood; and he commanded her to cut off my thumb; she at first drew back, but at last when the old wretch had three or four times repeated the order, as if by compulsion she cut off my left thumb where it joins the hand. Then taking in my other hand the amputated thumb, I offered it to thee, my true and living God, calling to mind the sacrifices which I had for seven years constantly offered Thee in thy Church.

At last warned by one of my comrades to desist, since they might otherwise force it into my mouth and compel me to eat it as it was, I flung it from me on the scaffold and left it I know not where. René had his right thumb cut off at the first joint. I must thank the Almighty that it was his will that my right should be untouched, thus enabling me to write this letter to beg my dear Fathers and brothers to offer up their masses, prayers, supplications and entreaties in the Holy Church of God, to which we feel ourselves now entitled by a new right, for she often prays for the afflicted and the captive.†

On the following day, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, after spending the morning on the stage, we were taken about mid-day to another village, [Andagoron,] about two miles distant from the first. As I was on the point of starting, the Indian who had brought me, loth to lose my shirt, sent me off with nothing but an old and tattered pair of drawers; when I beheld myself thus naked, "Surely, brother," said I, "thou wilt not send me off thus naked, thou hast taken enough of our property to enrich thee." This touched him, and he gave me enough of the hempen bagging, in which our packages had been put up, to cover my shoulders and part of my body. But my flesh, mangled

* In the printed text are here some words, stating her to have been a Christian Algonquin, named Jane, not long before taken by the Iroquois.

† Here ends the first part, written apparently apart from what follows; which is not in the attested copy in Canada. This we have hitherto followed, the rest we take as given by Tanner and Alegambe.

by their blows and stripes, could not bear this rough and coarse cloth. On the way, while scarcely and at last not at all covered by it, the heat of the sun was so intense, that my skin was dried, as though in an oven, and peeled off from my back and arms.

As we entered the second village blows were not spared, though this is contrary to their usual custom, which is to be content with making prisoners run the gauntlet once. The Almighty, doubtless, wished us to be somewhat likened in this point to his Apostle, who glories that he was thrice beaten with rods, and though they received us with fewer blows than the first, these were more cruelly given, being better aimed from there being less of a crowd, and some struck constantly on the shins to our exquisite pain.

The rest of the day we spent on the stage, and the night in a hut tied down half naked to the bare ground, at the mercy of all ages and sexes; for we had been handed over to the sport of the children and youth, who threw hot coals on our naked bodies, which, bound as we were, it was no easy matter to shake off. In this manner Indian children make their apprenticeship in cruelty, and from less grow accustomed to greater.

In this village we spent two days and nights, with scarcely any food or sleep, in great anguish of mind as far as I was concerned; for from time to time they mounted the stage, cutting off the fingers of my Huron companions, and binding their clenched hands in hard cords so tightly drawn that they fainted, and while each suffered but his own pain, I suffered that of all. I was afflicted with as intense grief as you can imagine a most loving father's heart to feel at the sight of his children's misery, for, with the exception of a few old Christians, I had begotten them all recently in Christ by baptism.

Yet amid all this the Lord gave me such strength, that suffering myself I was able to console the suffering Hurons and French; so that both on the road and on the stage, when the tormenting crowd of 'saluters'* had dropped away, I exhorted them, at one time together, at another individually, to preserve their patience and not lose confidence, which would have a great reward; to remember "that by many

* (So they call those who wreak their cruelty on captives brought in.) Note in the original.

tribulations it behoves us to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" that the time was come, indeed, foretold us by God, when he said: "Ye shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy;" that we were like to "a woman who, when she is in travail, hath sorrow because her hour is come; but when she has brought forth, no longer remembers her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world;" [John xvi. 21;] so should they feel assured that in a few days these momentary pains would give place to never-ending joys. And surely I had reason to rejoice when I beheld them so well disposed, especially the older Christians, Joseph, Eustace and two others, for on the very day that we reached the first village, the fifth one, Theodore, had freed himself from his bonds, but as in the battle his shoulder had been broken by a blow of a musket, he died on his way to the French.

Never till now had the Indian scaffold beheld French or other Christian captives.* Hence, contrary to usual custom, we were led around through all their villages to gratify the general curiosity. The third indeed [Teonontogen] we entered scatheless, but on the scaffold a scene met my eyes more heart-rending than any torment; it was a group of four Hurons taken elsewhere by another party and dragged in to swell our wretched company. Among other cruelties, every one of these had lost some fingers, and the eldest of the band his two thumbs. As soon as I reached them, I began to instruct them separately on the articles of faith, then on the very stage itself I baptized two with rain-drops gathered from the leaves of a stalk of Indian corn given us to chew; the other two I baptized at a little stream which we passed when led to another village. At this place, cold setting in after the rain, we suffered extremely from it as we were entirely uncovered. Often shivering with cold on the stage, I would, unordered, come down and enter some hut but I could scarcely begin to warm myself when I was commanded to return to the scaffold.

William Couture had thus far lost none of his fingers; this excited the displeasure of an Indian in the village, and he sawed off half the forefinger of his right hand; the pain

* A Frenchman, Peter Magnan, had indeed been put to death as early as 1628 by the Mohawks to whom he went as ambassador. (Sagard, p. 483. Le Clerc, ch. ix.) But this was probably forgotten by them and unknown to F. Jogues. Margueriè and Godefroy, taken in 1640, were not tortured. Rel. 1640–1.

was more excruciating, as he employed not a knife, but a shell very common there. As it could not sever the sinews, which were hard and slippery, he wrenched the finger so violently that when the sinews gave way, the poor sufferer's arms swelled frightfully up to his very elbow. An Indian seeing it, was touched with compassion and took him to his hut where he kept him the two days which we spent in that village, leaving me in ignorance and great anxiety as to his fate. At nightfall we were taken to a hut, where the youth awaited us. Being ordered to sing as other captives do, we at last complied, for alas! what could we do; but we "sang the canticles of the Lord in a strange land." Torture followed the chanting, and its fury burst especially on René and myself, for the good savage still kept William in his hut. On me then, and especially on René, they threw hot ashes and live coals, by which he was severely burnt in the breast.

They next hung me between two poles in the hut, tied by the arms above the elbow, with coarse rope woven of the bark of trees.* Then I thought I was to be burnt, for this is one of their usual preliminaries; and that I might know, that I had thus far borne any thing with fortitude or even with patience, this came not from myself, but from Him who gives strength to the weary. Now as though left to myself in this torture I groaned aloud, for "I will glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell in me," [2 Cor. xii. 9,] and from my intense pain I begged my torturers to ease me some little from those hard rough ropes. But God justly ordained that the more I pleaded, the more they drew my bonds. At last, when I had been hanging thus about a quarter of an hour, they unloosed me, as I was on the point of fainting. I render thee thanks, O Lord Jesus, that I have been allowed to learn, by some slight experience, how much thou didst deign to suffer on the cross for me, when the weight of thy most holy body hung not by ropes, but by thy hands and feet pierced by hardest nails!

Other chains followed these, for we were tied to the ground to pass the rest of the night. What did they not then do to my poor Huron companions, thus tied hand and foot? What did they not attempt on me? But once

* Bressani was hung up in the same way and loaded with chains. This torture is not unlike that of the thumbscrew applied to the Jesuits in more civilized countries. See Jardine on the Use of Torture in England.

more I thank thee, O Lord, that thou didst save me, thy priest, ever unsullied from the impure hands of the savages.

When we had thus spent two days in that village, we were led back to the second [Andagoron] which we had entered, that our fate might be finally determined. We had now been for seven days led from village to village, from scaffold to scaffold, become a spectacle to God and to his angels, as we may hope from his divine goodness, a scoff and jeer to the vilest savages, when we were at last told that that day should end our lives amid the flames. Sooth to say, this last act was not without its horrors, yet the good pleasure of God, and the hope of a better life, where sin should have no place, rendered it rather one of joy. Addressing my French and Huron companions, for the last time, I bid them be of good heart, and amid their mental and bodily sufferings to think "diligently upon Him that had endured such opposition of sinners against himself; not to be weary, fainting in their minds," (Heb. xii. 3,) but to hope that the morrow would unite us to our God, to reign for ever.

Fearing lest we might be torn asunder, I especially advised Eustace to look towards me when we could not be together, and by laying his hand on his breast and raising his eyes to heaven, to show contrition for his sins, so that I could absolve him, as I had already frequently done after hearing his confession, as well on the way as after our arrival.* Acting on my advice, he several times made me the sign.

The sachems, however, on further deliberation resolved that no precipitate action was to be taken with regard to the French prisoners, and summoning us before the council they declared that our lives were spared. To almost all the Hurons they likewise granted life; three only were excepted, Paul, Eustace, and Stephen, who were put to death in the three villages which make up the tribe; Stephen in Andagoron, the village where we were; Paul in Ossernenon, and Eustace in Teonontogen. The last-named was burned in almost every part of his body, and then beheaded; he bore

* Owing to the sacramental grace of absolution, a Catholic will often seek it, when not conscious of any mortal sin which absolutely requires it: and thus renews his contrition for past, but forgiven sins, as an act pleasing to God and beneficial to himself.

all most piously, and while it is usual for dying captives to cry out,—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."—Æn. iv. 625.

Rise from our scattered bones, avenger, rise!

he, on the contrary, in the Christian spirit which he had so deeply imbibed in baptism, implored his countrymen who stood around not to let any feelings for his fate prevent the conclusion of a peace with the Iroquois. Paul Ononhoraton, who, after the usual fiery ordeal, was tomahawked in the village of Ossernenon, was a young man of about twenty-five, full of life and courage; for such they generally put to death, to sap, as it were, the life-blood of the hostile tribe. With a noble contempt of death, arising, as he openly professed on the way, from his hope of a better life, this generous man had repeatedly, when the Iroquois came up to me to tear out my nails, or inflict some other injury, offered himself to them, begging them to leave me and turn their rage on him. May the Lord return him a hundredfold, with usury, for that heroic charity which led him to give "his life for his friend," and for those "who had begotten him in Christ in bondage."

Towards evening of that day they carried off William Couture, whom they regarded as a young man of unparalleled courage, to Teonontogen, the furthest village of their canton, and gave him to an Indian family. (It is the custom of these savages, when they spare a prisoner's life, to adopt him into some family, to supply the place of a deceased member, to whose rights he, in a manner, succeeds; he is subject thenceforward to no man's orders but those of the head of the family, who, to acquire this right, offers some presents.*) But seeing that René and I were less vigorous, they led us to the first village, the residence of the party that had captured us, and left us there [Ossernenon] till some new resolution should be taken.

After so many a long day spent fasting, after so many sleepless nights, after so many wounds and stripes, especially after such heart-rending anguish of mind, when time was, so to speak, given us at last to feel our sufferings, we sank into a state of helplessness. Scarce able to walk or even stand erect, nor night nor day brought a moment of repose,

* This is a note added apparently by another hand, as it interrupts the narrative.

from many evils, but chiefly from our still untended wounds; all this state was rendered more trying by the myriads of lice, fleas and bugs, which it was not easy to keep from us with maimed and mutilated fingers. Besides this, we suffered from hunger; more true here than elsewhere is the saying:

"Non cibus utilis ægro."

So that, with nothing but unripe squashes to add to their American (or, as we Europeans call it, Turkish) corn, carelessly bruised between two stones, we were brought to the verge of the grave, especially René, whose stomach refused this food, and who, from his many wounds, had almost lost his sight. The Indians then seeing us fail day by day, hunted up in the village some small fishes and some bits of meat dried in the sun or smoke, and pounding them, mixed them with our sagamity. After three weeks we were just recovering from our illness, when we were sought to be put to death. The two hundred Indians who had maltreated us so on the way, advanced into New France, to the point where the river Iroquois,* so called from them, empties into the great river St. Lawrence: here seeing a party of French engaged in laying the foundations of Fort Richelieu, they thought they could easily kill some and carry off the rest as prisoners. Accordingly the whole two hundred, in a single column, almost all armed with muskets, rushed almost unexpected on the whites engaged in their various works. At the first onset of the foe, the French, though but a handful compared to the hostile forces, flew to arms, and so bravely and successfully withstood their savage assailants, that after killing two and wounding many more, they put the rest to flight. The war party returned furious, and as though they had been greatly wronged, who had gone forth to do wrong, demanded the death of such of us as were yet alive. "It is a shame," they cried, "that three Frenchmen should live quietly among us, when they have so lately slain three of our braves." Amid these complaints, René's safety especially and my own were brought into great jeopardy. He alone, who as he gave, so protecteth life, warded off the blow.

[Sept. 7.] On the eve of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, one of the principal Hollanders, who have a settlement

* The Sorel, or Richelieu.

not more than twenty leagues from these Indians, came with two others to effect our liberation.* He remained there several days, offered much, promised more, obtained nothing. But as they are a wily and cunning race of savages, in order not to seem to refuse all that a friend asked, but to concede something to his desires, they lyingly asserted that they would in a few days restore us to our countrymen. This was perhaps the wish of some of them; but in the latter part of September (for constant rains had put off the matter till that time) a final council was held on our fate, although ostensibly provisions had been prepared and men appointed to take us back. Here the opinion of the few well inclined was rejected, confusion carried the day, and some clamorous braves declared that they would never suffer a Frenchman to be taken back alive. The council broke up in alarm, and each, as if in flight, returned to his lodge or the village whence he came. Left thus to the cruelty of bloodthirsty men, attempts were constantly made on our lives. Some, tomahawk in hand, prowled around the cabins to find and despatch us. However, towards the close of the council, God had inspired me with some thought that induced me to draw my companions together, without the village, in a field belonging to the cabin where I was. Here, ignorant of what had transpired, we lay hid in comparative safety, until the storm under which we should all have fallen, had we remained in the village, was somewhat calmed.

William was after this taken back by his master to his own village. René and I, perceiving that there was now no hope of our return, withdrew to pray on a neighboring hill which commands the village. Here, remote from every witness and from all officious intrusion, we resigned ourselves entirely to God and to His holy will. On our road back to the village we were reciting our beads, and had already completed four decades of the rosary, when we met two young men, who commanded us to return to the village. "Dear brother," said I, "we know not what may be, in this period of general excitement, the design of these men; let us com-

* This was the celebrated Arendt Van Curler, so highly esteemed by the French and Indians. The latter even gave his name perpetually to the English governors. He was the constant friend of Father Jogues, and after many ineffectual attempts to ransom him, by the charitable contributions of the Dutch colonists, aided him to escape. The journal of his present visit to the Mohawk villages has been published by Dr. O'Callaghan in his History of New Netherland, vol, i. p. 334.

mend ourselves earnestly to God, and to the most blessed Virgin our good Mother." We had reached the village in prayer, when at its very entrance one of the two who had met us, plucking forth his tomahawk, which was concealed in his dress, dealt René so deadly a blow on the head that he fell lifeless, invoking the most holy name of Jesus as he fell. We had happily (mindful of the indulgence thereby gained) often reminded each other to close our life by uttering with our dying voice that holiest of names.

At the sight of the reeking hatchet I knelt down on the spot, and, uncovering my head, awaited a like blow; but when I had been there a moment or two, they bade me rise, as he had no right to kill me, for I was the slave of another family. Rising then in haste, I ran to my still breathing companion and conferred absolution, which I was in the habit of giving him after his confession every other day; then two other blows, dealt before my very face, added him to the number of the blessed. He was thirty-five years of age, eminent for his simplicity of manners, his innocence of life, his patience in adversity. Entirely submissive to God, whom he in all things regarded as present before his eyes, he was ever resigned to His most holy will in love. Most worthy is he, Reverend Father, to be counted among thy children, not only because he had most edifyingly spent several months in one of the novitiates of the Society, and had afterwards, by order of the Superiors, to whom he gave the entire disposal of his life, proceeded to Huronia to aid the Christian population by his medical knowledge, but especially does he merit it from the fact that, a few days before his death, impelled by a desire of uniting himself more closely to God, he pronounced the usual vows of the Society to subject himself to it as far as in him lay. And certain it is, that in life as in death, where his last word was the most holy name of Jesus, he had proved himself no unworthy son of the Society. Nay, I not only love him as a brother, but revere him as a martyr —martyr to obedience, and still more, a martyr to the faith and to the cross. As he was very pious, and accustomed to be with the Christians, or such as were more intimate with our Christians, he daily spent a long time in prayer, to the wonder and even suspicion of the savages, so novel did it seem to them. These suspicions were confirmed in their minds, when one day, taking off the cap of a child in the hut where he lived, he made him make the sign of the cross on

his breast and forehead; for a superstitious old Indian, the grandfather of the boy, seeing this, ordered him to be killed. This I afterwards learned from the boy's mother, who told me that he had been killed by the old man for that reason.

But to resume my narrative. After I had been a little while in our hut, where my life had been pretty tranquil, I was taken to another, the hut of the one that had cut off my thumb, a most bitter enemy of the Algonquins, and consequently of the French. Here not I alone, but the Iroquois generally, expected every moment to see me tomahawked. In consequence some who had given me articles of clothing, that I might in part at least cover my person, now asked them back, for fear of losing them by my death.

The next day I was filled with so great an anxiety to know what had become of my dear companion that I resolved to look for his body at all hazards, and commit it, if possible, to the earth. After stripping it, they had contemptuously tied a rope around the neck and dragged it through the village to a ravine at a considerable distance, where they flung it. As I was going out of the village I met the old man in whose lodge I had previously been; he advised me to stay at home: "Whither art thou hurrying," he exclaimed, "thou art scarce alive; they seek thee every where to slay thee, and yet thou goest to find an already putrefying corpse; dost thou not see those fierce young braves who are about to kill thee?" Some in fact had gone out of the village just before me with arms in their hands; but fearlessly, for in my bitter anguish it was 'a pain to live, a gain to die' in such a work of charity, I pursued my way. When the old man saw me so resolute he asked another Indian to go with me. By his assistance I found the body which the dogs had begun to gnaw about the hips, and, sinking it in the deepest part of the torrent, I covered it with a heap of stones, intending to return the next day with a spade and bury it secretly and alone, for I was afraid that they would disinter it. As I re-entered our hut I found two young men waiting to take me to their village to put me to death. Aware of their design I told them that I was in the hands of those with whom I lived, that if they gave the slightest consent I would accompany them; as I would, in fact, have done. Seeing that they gained nothing in this way, the next day one of them, who, at the time of our capture had, with his brother, been wounded in the action,

seeing me in a field, whither I had gone to execute some order of my owners, seized a hatchet and was rushing on to kill me, when he was stopped by an old man of our family and prevented from accomplishing his design. Thus did the Almighty teach me "to cast all my solicitude on him," "knowing that he hath care for me, and that I should not fear the face of man," when the Almighty was the protector of my life, without whose permission not a hair could fall from my head.

As I could not that day accomplish my design, I proceeded to the spot early the next morning, with a spade or hoe, to inter the body, but alas! they had carried off my brother. I returned to the spot, I ascended the mount at the foot of which the torrent ran, I descended again; I searched the wood on the opposite side,—all, all in vain. The torrent ran swollen by the night rains, but undeterred either by its depth or the cold, for it was the first of October, I tried the bottom with my stick and feet, as I thought that the stream might perhaps have borne him to another spot; I asked all whom I met, whether they knew any thing of him; but as they are a most mendacious race and always give an affirmative answer without regard to truth, they falsely told me that it had been dragged to a quite distant river. What groans did I not utter then? What tears did I not shed, mingling them with the waters of that mountain stream, chanting to Thee, my God, the psalms which the holy Church employs in the service of the dead.

When, however, the snows had melted away I heard from the young men that they had seen the scattered bones of the Frenchman. Hurrying to the spot, I gathered up the half-gnawed bones, the remnants left by the dogs, the foxes and the crows, and clearest of all the skull fractured in several places; these, reverently kissing, I committed to the earth that I might one day, if such were God's will, bear them with me as a great treasure to a consecrated Christian land.

From many other dangers which I know and know not, did the Lord rescue me, unwilling and furious as the Iroquois were; but the following I should not omit. There was in our cabin an idiot who asked me to let him cut off two hands' breadth from a wretched bit of cloth not seven long, yet all that I had to cover me. "Brother," said I, "thou seest me shivering every night under this short thin cover-

ing; but do as thou wilt." My modest excuse offended him; and when soon after I went to the huts of the baptized Hurons, whom I daily instructed and "bore again till Christ should be formed in them," (Gal. iv. 19,) he came in search of me and fiercely bade me return. When I entered the cabin, René's murderer was sent for, that the same hand might end both our lives; they looked for him in vain; he could not be found. I was accordingly sent the next day with two women into a field of his, where he was then staying, under the pretence of bringing back some article or other, but in fact to be exposed to death; for two days before the only son of one of their noble women had died in our cabin, and I was to be sacrificed to his manes. These women actually had with them the squashes, corn, and other articles of the kind which were to be the fee of my executioner. "But I like a deaf man heard not" the vain things they devised, "and like a dumb man opened not my mouth, and I became like a man that heareth not, nor hath a reply in his mouth," (Ps. xxvii. 14,) "because in Thee, O Lord, have I hoped;" but mindful of his meekness, "who was led like a lamb to the slaughter," (Acts, viii. 32,) I went to my death begging the Lord with David "to turn away evil from my enemies and scatter them in his truth." (Ps. liii. 7.) About midway we met the looked-for murderer. Seeing him at a distance, I commended myself for the last time to God, begging him to receive a life spent with care and anguish; but my sins still rendered me unworthy. He passed quietly by us, and his mother, who soon met us, addressed some words, of what import I know not, to those who conducted me; on this, trembling and as if in flight, they darted off, leaving me in the road, for they saw that I was aware of their design.

Amid this frequent fear and death, while every day I die, or rather drag on a life more bitter than any death, two months glided away. During this time, I made no effort to learn their language; for why should I, who every moment expected to die? The village was a prison for me; I avoided being seen; I loved the wild wood, where I begged the Lord not to disdain to speak to his servant; to give me strength in such fearful trials—in which indeed, if I have become a prodigy to many, God was my stout helper, and often, by His unfailing goodness, roused my drooping spirits. I had recourse to the Holy Scriptures, my only

refuge "in the tribulations which had found me exceedingly:" these did I venerate; with these I wished to die. Of all the books which we were carrying to Huronia for the use of the Frenchmen living there, none had fallen into my hands but the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, with the paraphrase of the Right Rev. Anthony Godeau, Bishop of Gratz. This little book, with a picture of St. Bruno, the illustrious founder of the Carthusian order, to which some indulgences were attached, and a rude wooden cross which I had made, I always carried about me; so that wherever death, ever present before my eyes, should strike me down, I might cheerfully die with the Holy Scriptures, which had ever been my greatest consolation, with the graces and indulgences of my most holy mother the Church, whom I always greatly, but now most tenderly loved, and with the cross of my Lord and Saviour.

And now the middle of October was come, when the Indians leave their villages to go and hunt deer, which they take by traps, or kill with their guns, in the use of which they are very skilful. This season, to the Indians one of relaxation and enjoyment, brought its new burden of sorrows for me; for I was given to a party who were at first amazed at me, then ridiculed, and at last began to hate me. Mindful of the character imposed upon me by God, I began with modesty to discourse with them of the adoration of one only God, of the observance of his commandments, of heaven, hell, and the other mysteries of our faith, as fully as I was able. At first, indeed, they listened; but when they saw me constantly recur to these things, and especially when the chase did not meet with the desired success, then they declared that I was a demon who caused them to take so little game. But what turned their ill-will into perfect rage and fury, so to speak, was this: it is the custom with all these nations to have recourse, in their hunting, fishing, war, sickness, and the like, to a certain demon, whom they call Aireskoi.* Whoever desires his fishing, hunting, or other expeditions to be successful, takes meat and other of the better articles of food, and begs the

* In Huron, Agreskoué. This demon or divinity is evidently the same as Tharonhyawagon, or the holder of the heavens, whose worship, even among the so-called Pagan Iroquois, has been superseded by that of the true God, called by them "Niio," a corruption of *Dieu*, or with an Indian prefix, Hawenniio.

oldest of the house or village to *bless* them for him, if I may use the expression, and there are some to whose blessings they attach more value than to others. The old man standing opposite the one who holds the meat, in a loud and distinct voice, speaks thus: "Oh, demon Aireskoi! lo we offer thee this meat, and of it we prepare thee a banquet, that thou mayest eat thereof and show us where lurk the deer, and lead them into our traps;" or if not during the chase, "that by thee we may again behold the spring, taste the new harvest, and again engage in the chase in the fall:' if it be a case of illness—"that by thee we may recover health."

The very first time I heard a formula couched in such words, I was filled with a deep detestation of this barbarian superstition, and firmly resolved to abstain for ever from meats thus offered. They interpreted this abstinence on my part, and this contempt of their demon, as the cause of their taking little game: "the wicked have hated me without cause." (John xv. 25.) As under the influence of this hate, they would neither listen to my instructions, nor help me to acquire their language in which I refuted their fables, I resolved to devote my time entirely to spiritual exercises. Accordingly, I went forth every morning from the midst of this Babylon, that is, our hut, where constant worship was paid to the devil and to dreams,* and "saved myself in the mountain," (Gen. xix. 17,) a neighboring hill. Here I had formed a large cross on a majestic tree, by stripping off the bark, and at its foot I spent almost the whole day with my God, whom, almost alone in those vast wilds, I worshipped and loved: sometimes in meditation or in prayer, at other times reading an Imitation of Christ, which I had just before recovered. This for some time was unperceived; but on one occasion finding me, as was my wont, in prayer before my cross, they attacked me most violently, saying that they hated the cross, that it was a sign they and their friends, the neighboring Europeans, knew not, (alluding to the Dutch Protestants). Upon this, I changed

* An instance of their superstitious worship of dreams gave him an occasion of Christian fortitude. A sick man, for whom the medicine-men were performing their usual mummeries, dreamed that he should recover if Ondesson were to come with his Arrihsa, or book, and do as the French did when they prayed; —they called on Jogues to satisfy this dream; but he resolutely refused, though threatened with death; and when they attempted to drag him there, he escaped by a precipitate flight.—*Buteux's MSS.* (See *Bruyas, Racines Agnieres.*)

my conduct; and whereas I had before carefully avoided praying or kneeling in the hut, that I might not give them the slightest reason to complain, (for we should, especially among savages but little accustomed to such things, act in all prudence,) I now conceived that I should no longer refrain from those pious exercises which make up a spiritual life—a life I far preferred to my temporal one. This I believed would be serviceable to them when the moment of their conversion should come, "which the Father hath put in his own power." (Acts i. 7.)

While thus an object of their enmity, I certainly suffered much from hunger and cold, the contempt of the lowest of men, the bitter hatred of their women, who are the greatest gainers by the hunting season, and regarded me as the cause of their want and poverty. I endured, indeed, great hunger, for as almost all the venison on which they then chiefly lived had been offered to the demon in these oblations, I spent many days fasting; and almost every night when I came in famished, I would see our Egyptians sitting over their fleshpots, which my severe, though self-imposed law, prevented my touching. And although reasons occurred to me in a manner dissuading me from my course, yet, by God's grace, I never suffered myself to break my resolution, but in hunger said to my Lord, "We shall be filled with the good things of thy house," (Ps. lxiv. 5;) "I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear," (Ps. xvi. 15,) when thou wilt truly fill the desire of thy hungry servants in thy holy city Jerusalem, "which thou wilt fill for ever with the fat of corn." (Ps. cxlvii. 14.)

I suffered also greatly from cold, amid the deep snows in my scanty, worn-out cloak, especially at night, when ordered to sleep uncovered on the bare ground on some rough bark; for though they had plenty of deer-skins, perfectly useless to them, not one was given to me; nay, when sometimes, on a very bitter night, I would, driven by the cold, secretly take one, they rose at once and stripped it from me, so great was their enmity. My skin was now in such a state, that I could, with David, say, "it had withered with the filth of dust," (Job vii. 5;) it split with cold, and gave me great pain all over my body.

But when inward afflictions came crowding on these outward cares, then indeed my grief became intolerable. I remembered that I had been recently covered with the life's

blood of my dearest companion—and those who came from William's Village told me that he had already been put to death, with exquisite torture, and that I myself, on my return, was to meet the same fate. With this came up the remembrance of my past life, stained with so many sins, and so unfaithful to God; and I grieved that I was thus to be torn away, unaided by any of the sacraments, in the midst of my course—rejected, as it were, by God, with no good works sent on to plead my cause. In this state, loathing life, yet shrinking from death, I uttered many a mournful cry, and said unto my God: When shall my sorrows and miseries have an end?—How long wilt thou forget our want and our tribulation?—When, after this tempest, wilt thou give us calm, and, after weeping, joy and exultation?—"And had not those days been shortened, my flesh had not been saved." (Mark xiii. 20.) I had recourse to my wonted refuge of the Scriptures, my usual retreat, and passages which my memory had retained taught me how I should think of God in goodness, even though not upheld by sensible devotion; that I should know that "the just man lives by faith." (Wis. i. 1.) I searched them; I followed their streamlets, and sought, as it were, to quench my daily thirst. "I meditated on the law of God night and day," (Ps. i. 2,) and "had not the law of God been my meditation, I had perhaps perished in my abjection," (Ps. cxviii 92,) and "my soul had passed through a water insupportable." (Ps. cxxiii. 8.) "But blessed be God, who did not give us a prey to the teeth of our enemies," (Ps. cxxiii. 6,) "whose hour had come and the power of darkness," (Luke xxii. 53,) "in which we were overmuch oppressed," (2 Cor. i. 8;) so that I was weary of life, and could say with Job, though in a different meaning, "Although he should kill me, I will trust in him." (Job. xiii. 15)

Thus passed two months away in this retreat, where, like St. Bernard, a disciple of the trees of the forest, I thought of naught but God, until, having become an object too hateful to all to be any longer borne with, I was sent back to the village before the usual time. During this journey, which took us eight days, "I was become like a beast of burthen before God," (Ps. lxxii. 23,) under the heavy load of venison which I carried; and being ignorant what fate awaited me at the village, since many reports had been spread about me by a party that had gone before, I endeav-

ored to be ever united with God. My sufferings on the march from the intense cold were extreme; for I was nearly naked, and we generally passed the night in the open air.* My unhealed fingers were another source of misery, for the wounds were hardly closed by the middle of January. In the village, however, a thin skin was added to my worn-out mantle, and in this wretched guise I traversed the streets of our village, begging that the Lord would one day join me to his saints, who formerly served him in "sheep-skins, in goat-skins, distressed, afflicted, of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. xi. 37.) And I daily saw the Indians well dressed in the cloth and garments which our baggage had plentifully supplied, while I was shivering night and day with cold;—but this was little; more was I moved to see these heathen men unworthily profane things dedicated to the service of God. One of them had made himself leggings of two of the veils used at Mass—

—— "non hos servatum munus in usus."—*Æn.* iv. 647.

I can, in truth, say before God of all that period up to mid-January: "Even unto this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode. And we labor working with our hands: we are reviled and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it; we are ill-spoken of and we entreat; we are made as the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all, even until now." (1 Cor. iv. 11.)

When in the middle of January my owners returned from the chase, they in a manner dressed me in skins, until a Lorrainese, who lived among our Dutch neighbors, hearing that I suffered greatly from cold, sent me from his house a dress, such as they usually sell to the Indians. This brought some slight alleviation to my pains; but I found still greater in the care of an old woman, whose only son had died not long before. A noble of high rank in the nation (for barbarism, too, has its nobles),† she took care

* He omits an act of charity which he performed on this march. A woman, heavily loaded and carrying a child, fell from a tree which formed a bridge over a deep and rapid stream, and would have perished had he not sprung into the water and rescued her. Yet they showed no gratitude: on returning to the village, he was sent back to the hunters, and falling from exhaustion, was set to nurse one of his persecutors, then a dying mass of corruption, abandoned by all.—*Buteux.*

† Some of these noble matrons, under the name of Oyenders, sat in council with the Sachems.—*Bruyas, Racines Agnieres.*

of me, and "the Lord gave me grace in her eyes." Yet all this was but a slight solace in such woe.

When I saw that my life was at last in some sort spared, I applied myself to the study of the language, and as our cabin was the council-hall not only of the village, but almost all that canton, I began to instruct the oldest on the articles of our faith. They, too, put me many questions as to the sun and moon, the face which seems to appear on her disk, the circumference of the earth, the size of the ocean, its tides, whether, as they had heard, the heavens and the earth anywhere met each other? Adapting my philosophy to their reach, I satisfied them on all these points;—then, indeed, they began to wonder and say: "Indeed we should have lost a great treasure, had we put this man to death, as we have been so often on the point of doing." Then I endeavored to raise their minds from creatures to a knowledge of the Creator: I confuted their old wives' tales of the creation of the world, which their fable makes out to have been created by a tortoise: the sun was, I showed them, not only without intellect, but even a lifeless mass, much less a God: "with whose beauty, if they, being delighted, took it to be a God, they should know how much the Lord of it is more beautiful than it," (Wis. xiii. 3;) that Aireskoi, whom they pretended to be the author and preserver of life, and the giver of all the good things which they enjoyed, was not a God, but a demon.

Were they as easy in belief as they are easy to be convinced, the matter would soon be settled; but "the prince of this world" (John xii. 31,) expelled from almost every quarter of the globe by the power of the Cross, seems to have retreated into these regions as his last stronghold; so that the kingdom which this "strong man armed" (Luke xi. 21) has possessed here for so many thousand years, can be overthrown only in lapse of time, and by unconquerable constancy on the part of the soldiers of Christ. From time to time, however, Christ, their true Lord and Lord of all, chooses some for himself, not only among the infants, many of whom are now in heaven, but even among adults, some of whom I baptized in sickness or in bondage.

Many other native adults I instructed; but some refused to listen to me, others rejected me, others assented merely with the lips, from a kind of politeness which makes them consider it rude to contradict you, and which would easily

mislead most. I sometimes even made excursions to the neighboring villages to console and instruct the Christian Hurons, "who had not bent their knee before Baal," (3 Kings xix. 18,) and to absolve them after hearing their confessions, to announce a God every where, so far as I was able, to succor the dying, but especially to save infants in danger of death. This was my only solace in my bitterest mental pangs; and once when with this view I visited a neighboring village, and there baptized five children, I learned soon after, in another excursion, that all had been called to heaven.

In these and like exercises, therefore, and efforts at the study of their language (what study can there be without writing?) two months glided by. About the middle of March, when the snow had melted away, they took me with them to their fishing-ground. A party accordingly started, consisting of the old man and woman, a little boy and myself;—four days travel brought us to a lake, where we caught nothing but a few little fishes. The entrails of these generally served as a seasoning for our sagamity, the fish being laid by to carry back to the village. Such food as this—with the entrails of deer, full of blood and half-putrefied excrement, boiled fungus, decayed oysters, frogs eaten whole, head and feet, unskinned, uncleaned—had hunger, custom, and want of better made, I will not say tolerable, but even pleasing. How often in those journeys, and in that lonely wilderness, "did we sit by the rivers of Babylon and weep while we remembered thee, Sion," (Ps. cxxxvi. 1–4,) not only exulting in heaven, but even praising thy God on earth! "How often, though in a strange land, did we sing the canticle of the Lord," and mountain and wild-wood resound with the praises of their Maker, which from their creation they had never heard! How often on the stately trees of the forest did I carve the most sacred name of Jesus, that, seeing it, the demons might fly, who tremble when they hear it! How often, too, did I not strip off the bark, to form the most holy cross of the Lord, that the foe might fly before it; and that by it thou, O Lord, my King, "might reign in the midst of thy enemies," (Ps. cix. 2,) "the enemies of thy Cross," (Phil. iii. 18,) the misbeliever and the pagan who dwell in that land, and the demons who rule so fearfully there! I rejoiced, too, that I had been led by the Lord into the wilderness at the very time when the Church

recalls the story of His Passion, so that I might more uninterruptedly remember the course of its bitterness and gall, and "my soul pine away at the remembrance," Jer. iii. 20. When, therefore, I had fulfilled the task imposed on me by my masters as their slave—the slave of savages—when I had cut and brought in wood for the fire in the lodge, I spent almost all the rest of my time before a large cross which I had formed on a huge pine-tree at a considerable distance from the hut. But I was not long allowed to enjoy this holy repose; indeed too many days had passed unalarmed by my wonted terrors. On Monday in Holy Week, an Indian came to us from the village; the reason of his coming was this: Ten Iroquois, among whom was the son of the man who had cut off my thumb, and in whose hut I now dwelt, had gone out on a war-party about midsummer. Summer, fall, and even the long winter passed, and yet no tidings of them came: they were consequently given up, especially as neighboring nations said that they had fallen victims to the cruelty of the enemy. Early in the spring, during our absence, a captive was brought in, who being also questioned as to them, gave the same answer, and said that they had been killed. Then indeed deeming, what they already believed, to be now passed doubt, they sacrificed that very captive to the manes of the young brave, my master's son. But the soul of this captive seemed too vile to atone for the life of the noble youth. I was accordingly sent for from the lake where we were, that my life with his might compensate for the death of the chieftain. Such, at least, was the conclusion to which one or two old women and a decrepit old man had come. We consequently set out the next day, as if in flight, under the pretence that parties of the enemy were around us. We reached the village towards evening, on Maundy Thursday, April 2. The morrow, which had closed the Saviour's life, was now to close mine also, when it pleased Him who, by dying on that day, had given life to my spirit, to give it to my body also. Accordingly on that day, when I was to have been put to death, rumor was spread, as if without good authority, that those supposed to be dead were still alive; then it came that they had joined another war party, and were now bringing in twenty-two captives.

Thus did God scatter the malignant designs of the savages—instructing and showing me that he took care of

me, that I should cast myself wholly on him, conscious that he would not recoil and let me fall.

Although I naturally rejoiced to be rescued from these and other dangers, yet I sighed to see myself given over to new sorrows and heart-breaking torments, compelled to drag on a life more painful than the most cruel death ; for the success, as well as the reverses of these men, fell heavily on me alone. If any one was slain in battle, I was at once demanded as a victim to be offered to his shade ; but if, as was generally the case, they brought in prisoners after having killed more, my heart was always rent with grief, for they were either Frenchmen, or allies of the French.

Naturally, therefore, did I prefer retirement and solitude, where, far from the villages, I was no longer dismayed at the wonted cruelty of these savages, and where I could better and more freely hold converse with God. Yet, knowing that though Lia was blear-eyed, she was more fruitful than Rachel, and bore more children ; mindful, too, of the Institute of our Society, which prefers our neighbor's salvation to our private spiritual joy, I unreluctantly remained at home, for the village enabled me to make greater progress in the language, and to secure the salvation of infants and adults by baptism ; for I was greatly grieved whenever during my absence an adult died without instruction, or a child without baptism.

To return to our war-party : they came in, bringing twenty-two prisoners, but belonging to a nation with whom they had never as yet been at war ;* still, in violation of all right and justice, they were beaten with clubs and stripes, and mutilated by the usual cutting off of fingers. Five of them were to be put to death—for all the rest, being boys and girls, or women, were kept as slaves. Their instruction was now the object of my solicitude, for I was ignorant of their language ; yet, by God's grace, I was enabled, by a few words that I knew, but chiefly by the kindness of one who knew both languages, to instruct and baptize them.

This happened at Easter.† At Whitsuntide (May 24), they brought in new prisoners—three women with their little children, the men having been killed near the French settlements. They were led into the village entirely naked

* A manuscript says Abnakis.

† Between these, in April there came a Sokoki embassy to solicit his liberation. This he details in the narrative of his escape.

—not even with any kind of drawers on—and after being severely beaten on the way, had their thumbs cut off. One of them (a thing not hitherto done) was burned all over her body, and afterwards thrown into a huge pyre. Worthy of note is a strange rite I then beheld. When this woman was tortured, at every burn which they caused, by applying lighted torches to her body, an old man, in a loud voice, exclaimed: "Demon Aireskoi! we offer thee this victim, whom we burn for thee, that thou mayst be filled with her flesh, and render us ever anew victorious over our enemies." Her body was cut up, sent to the various villages, and devoured;—for about midwinter, grieving, as it were, that they had refrained from eating the flesh of some prisoners, they had, in a solemn sacrifice of two bears, which they offered to their demon, uttered these words: "Justly dost thou punish us, oh demon Aireskoi!—lo, this long time we have taken no captives: during the summer and fall we have taken none of the Algonquins." (These they consider properly their enemies.) "We have sinned against thee, in that we ate not of the last captives thrown into our hands; but if we ever again capture any, we promise thee to devour them, as we now do these two bears,"—and they kept their word.* This poor woman I baptized in the midst of the flames, for I was unable to do it before, and then succeeded only while raising a drink to her parched lips.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, (June 23,) of whom it is written, "that many shall rejoice at his birth," a new weight was added to my usual sorrows: eleven Hurons and a Frenchman were brought in;—three Frenchmen and ten Hurons, among them some of the most celebrated Christians, had been killed, treacherously circumvented by a show of friendship. Of these they bore the scalps, or hair, which they tear off with the skin from the head of their fallen enemies.

Really, I felt in my own person this punishment deserved by my sins, and pronounced of old by God to His

* An idea too generally propagated by those who knew the Indians but slightly is, that those in Northern America had properly no religious worship. This is refuted by many facts; but by none, perhaps, more clearly than that here given by Father Jogues. We have here all the essentials of a sacrifice, which, in the human annals, is the only recognized act of adoration to a Supreme Being. The idea of man's sinfulness, of his condemnation to death, of a permitted substitution, of the great human sacrifice that was to appease the Almighty, are all here recognizable.

people when He said, "that their new moons, their festivals and solemnities, should be turned into grief and sorrow," (Osee ii. 11,) as Easter, and Whitsuntide, and the nativity of St. John the Baptist, each brought new sorrows on me, to be afterwards increased to agony by the slaughter of a hundred Hurons, most of whom, racked by fearful torments, were burned to death in the neighboring cantons. "Woe is me; wherefore was I born to see the ruin of my people." * (1 Mach. ii. 7.)

Verily, in these and like heart-rending cares, "my life is wasted with grief, and my years with sighs," (Ps. xxx. 11,) "for the Lord hath corrected me for mine iniquity, and hath made my soul waste away as a spider," (Ps. xxxviii. 12;) "he hath filled me with bitterness, he hath inebriated me with wormwood," (Lam. iii. 15,) "because the comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me," (Lam. i. 16;) "but in all these things we overcome," and by the favor of God will overcome, "because of Him that hath loved us," (Rom. viii. 37,) until "he come that is to come, and will not delay," (Heb. x. 37,) "until my day, like that of a hireling, come," (Job. vii. 1, to xiv. 14,) or my change be made.

Although I could in all probability escape either through the Europeans or the Indian nations around us, did I wish to fly, yet on this cross to which our Lord has nailed me, beside Himself, am I resolved by His grace to live and die. For who in my absence would console the French captives? who absolve the penitent? who remind the christened Huron of his duty? who instruct the prisoners constantly brought in? who baptize them dying, encourage them in their torments? who cleanse the infants in the saving waters? who provide for the salvation of the dying adult, the instruction of those in health? Indeed I cannot but think it a peculiar interposition of divine goodness, that while a nation,

* About this time F. Jogues, who, since the Sokoki embassy, had risen in importance, was taken by some Sachems about to visit a dependent tribe, about eighty leagues distant from them. Hither he was led in triumph, as a proof of the irresistible power of the Mohawk. The tribe was poor, and he suffered much by the way, but had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding the Indian who had cut him down, when hung up at Teonontogen. He was dying, and though Jogues could give his bodily ailments only the tears of sympathy, he carefully instructed and baptized him, repaying his act of charity by the endless joys of heaven.

On his return to the village, he was knocked down and nearly killed by a madman: his kind mistress, or aunt, fearing for his safety, urged him to escape; but the letter shows his feelings on this point.

fallen from the true Catholic religion, barred the entrance of the faith to these regions, on one side, and on the other, a fierce war between savage nations, and on their account with the French, I should have fallen into the hands of these Indians, who by the will of God reluctantly, and I may say against their will, have thus far spared my life, that through me, though unworthy, those might be instructed, believe and be baptized, who are predestined to eternal life. Since the time when I was taken, I have baptized seventy children, young and old, of five different nations and languages, that of "every tribe, and people, and tongue, they might stand in the sight of the Lord." (Apoc. vii. 9.)

Therefore do I daily bow my knee to my Lord and to the Father of my Lord, that if it be for his glory, he may confound all the designs of the Europeans and savages for ransoming me or sending me back to the whites; for many of the Indians speak of my being restored, and the Dutch, among whom I write this, have frequently offered, and now again are offering to rescue me and my companions. I have visited them twice, and have been most kindly welcomed; they leave no stone unturned to effect our deliverance, and have made many presents to the Indians with whom I am, to induce them to treat me humanely.

But I am now weary of so long and so prolix a letter; I therefore earnestly beg your Reverence ever to recognize me, though unworthy, as one of yours; for though a savage in dress and manner, and almost without God in so tossed a life, yet as I have ever lived a son of the most holy Church of Rome and of the Society, so do I wish to die. Obtain for me from God, Reverend Father, by your holy sacrifices, that though I have hitherto but ill-employed the means He gave me to attain the highest sanctity, I may at least employ well this last occasion which He offers me. Your bounty, surely, owes this to a son who has recourse to you; for I lead a truly wretched life, where every virtue is in danger: Faith in the dense darkness of paganism, Hope in so long and hard trials, Charity amid so much corruption, deprived of all the sacraments. Purity is not, indeed, endangered here by delights, but is tried, amid this promiscuous and intimate intercourse of both sexes, by the perfect liberty of all in hearing and doing what they please; and, most of all, in their constant nakedness. For here, willing or not, you must often see what elsewhere

is shut out, not only from wandering, but even from curious eyes. Hence I daily groan to my God, begging Him not to leave me without help amid the dead ;—begging him, I say, that amid such impurity and such superstitious worship of the devil to which he has exposed me, naked as it were, and unarmed, "my heart may be undefiled in His justifications," (Ps. cxviii. 80,) so that when that good Shepherd shall come, "who will gather together the dispersed of Israel," (Ps. cxlvi. 2,) "He may gather us from among the nations to bless His holy name. Amen ! Amen !" (Ps. cv. 47.)

Your Reverence's
Most humble servant and son in Christ,
ISAAC JOGUES.

Permit me through your reverence to salute all my dear fathers and brothers whom I tenderly love and cherish in Christ, and to commend myself to their holy sacrifices and prayers.

Your most humble servant and son in Christ,
ISAAC JOGUES.

Renssalaerswyck, in New Netherland, August 5, 1643.*

II.

FATHER JOGUES TO MR. DE CHAMPFLOUR, GOVERNOR OF THREE RIVERS.

[Written in a jargon of French, Latin and Huron.]

SIR—This is my fourth letter since I fell into the hands of the Iroquois. Time and paper prevent by repeating here what I have already given you at length. Couture and I are yet alive. Henry, a young man taken at Montreal, was brought in on St. John's eve. He did not run the gauntlet on entering the village, nor has he lost any fingers as we did ; he is alive, as well as all the Hurons brought in with him. Be on your guard every where. New parties are constantly setting out, and you must rely on it that the river will not be free from the enemy before the fall. The

* This letter was written, as we shall see by No. III., after the holy missionary had left the Mohawk villages for the last time, unconscious as he was while penning it at Renssalaerswyck, our modern Albany, where the kind-hearted Dutch, impelled by their minister, Dominie Megapolensis, showed him every courtesy and kind sympathy.

Iroquois here are about 700 ; they have 300 arquebusses, and handle them well. They can reach Three Rivers by different streams. Fort Richelieu gives them a little more trouble, but does not hinder them. The Iroquois say that if those who took and killed the French at Montreal had known how you acted in rescuing the Sokokiois from the hands of the Algonquins, they would not have done so. They had set out in midwinter, before the news came. For all that, a new party has just set out, and Mathurin's man (F. Brebeuf knows him well) is with them, and leads the band, as he did at our capture last year. This troop desires and intends to take French as well as Algonquins. Do not let any consideration for me prevent your doing what may be for God's glory.

The design of the Iroquois, as far as I can see, is to take all the Hurons, if they can, put to death the most eminent, and a good part of the rest, and make of the two one people and one land. I feel great compassion for these poor people, many of whom are Christians, others Catechumens, prepared for baptism. When shall these evils be stopped ? When they are all taken ? I received many letters from the Hurons with the *Relation* taken at Montreal. The Dutch have wished to deliver us, but in vain. They are now making another effort, but will be, I think, equally fruitless. I am more and more resolved to stay here, as long as it shall please our Lord, and not go away, even if an occasion should offer. My presence consoles the French, Hurons and Algonquins. I have baptized more than sixty persons, many of whom are now in heaven. This is my only consolation, with the will of God, to which I most cheerfully unite mine.

I beg you to recommend them to offer prayers and masses for us, and especially for him who desires ever to be

Your most humble servant,

ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

Iroquois Village, June 30th, 1643.

III.

FATHER JOGUES TO HIS SUPERIOR IN CANADA.

REVEREND FATHER : THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

On the very day of the feast of our holy Father Ignatius (July 31), I left the village where I was a prisoner to follow and accompany some Iroquois who were going first to trade,

then to fish. Having got through their traffic, they proceeded to a place seven or eight leagues below the Dutch post, which is on the river where we were fishing. While arranging our weirs for the fish, a report reached us that an Iroquois war party, returned from the Huron land, had killed five or six on the spot, and brought in four prisoners, two of whom had been already burnt at our village with more than common cruelty.

At these tidings my heart was rent with most keen and bitter grief, that I had not seen, consoled or baptized these poor victims. Fearful that something of the kind might happen again during my absence, I went to a good old woman, who from her age and her care of me, as well as from her compassion for my sufferings, called me her nephew, as I called her aunt. "Aunt," said I, "I would much rather go back to our cabin, I am very lonesome here," I did not indeed expect more comfort or less pain at the village, where I suffered a continual martyrdom, compelled to witness before my eyes the horrible cruelties they perpetrate, but my heart could not bear that one should die without my affording him baptism. "Go, nephew," said this good woman, "go, if you are tired of this place, and take something to eat on the way." I accordingly embarked in the first canoe going up to the village, always conducted, and always accompanied by Iroquois.

On reaching the Dutch post through which we had to pass, I learned that our village was furious against the French, and that they only awaited my return to burn me. The reason of all was this. Among the war parties against the French, Algonquins and Hurons, was one that resolved to go and prowl around Fort Richelieu to spy the French and their Indian allies. A certain Huron of this band, taken by the Iroquois and naturalized among them, came to ask me for letters to carry to the French, hoping perhaps to surprise some one by this bait; but as I had no doubt the French would be on their guard, I saw the importance of giving them some inkling of the designs, arms and treachery of our enemy. I found means to get a bit of paper to write on. The Dutch did me this charity.*

I knew well the danger to which I exposed myself. I was well aware that if any mishap befell the party, I would be made responsible, and the blame thrown on my letters.

* The letter here referred to is the preceding.

I foresaw my death, but it seemed to me sweet and agreeable, employed for the public good, and the consolation of our French, and the poor Indians who listen to the word of Jesus Christ. My heart was undisturbed by fear at the sight of all that might happen—God's glory was concerned.

So I gave my letter to the young brave, who never returned. The story given by his comrades is, that he carried it to Fort Richelieu, and that as soon as the French saw it, they fired their cannon at them; that alarmed at this, most of them took to flight all naked, leaving one of their canoes, in which were three arquebuses, powder, ball and other articles. When this news was brought into the village, the cry was raised that my letter had caused them to be treated so. The rumor spread around; it reached my ears; I was taunted with the mishap; they talked of nothing but burning me; and had I been found in the village when these braves returned, fire, rage and cruelty had deprived me of life.

To increase my misfortune, another party, returning from the neighborhood of Montreal, where they had laid an ambush for the French, said that two of their party had been killed and two wounded. All made me guilty of these mishaps. They were now beside themselves with rage, and impatient for my return. All these reports I heard, offering myself unreservedly to our Lord, and resigning myself all in all to His most holy will.

The commander of the Dutch post where we were, aware of the evil design of the savages, and aware, too, that the Chevalier de Montmagny had prevented the Canada Indians from coming to kill the Dutch, had offered me means of escape. 'Here,' said he, 'lies a vessel at anchor, to sail in a few days. Get privately on board. It is bound first to Virginia, whence it will carry you to Bordeaux or Rochelle, where it must stop.' Thanking him with much respect and courtesy, I told him that the Iroquois would suspect them of favoring my escape, and perhaps do some injury to their people. 'No! no!' he replied, 'do not fear; get on board, it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escaping.'

At these words my heart was perplexed. I doubted whether it was not for the greater glory of our Lord to expose myself to the danger of savage fury and flames in order to aid in the salvation of some soul. I therefore replied,

'This affair, sir, seems to me so important, that I cannot give you an answer on this spot; give me, if you please, to-night, to think it over. I will recommend it to our Lord; I will examine the reasons on both sides, and will tell you my final resolution in the morning.' Greatly astonished, he granted my request. The night I spent in prayer, earnestly imploring our Lord not to let me adopt a conclusion myself, but to give me light to know His most holy will; that in all and through all, even to the stake itself, I would follow it. The reasons to retain me in the country were the consideration of the French and Indians; I loved them, and felt so great a desire to be of aid to them, that I had resolved to pass the rest of my days in this captivity for their salvation; but now I beheld the face of affairs entirely changed.

First, as for the three Frenchmen, brought prisoners like myself into the country; one, René Goupil, had already been massacred at my feet. This young man was as pure as an angel. Henry, taken at Montreal, had fled to the woods; because while he was beholding the cruelties perpetrated on two Hurons roasted alive, some Iroquois told him that they would treat him so, and me too, as soon as I got back. This threat made him resolve to run the risk of starving in the woods, or being devoured by some wild beast, rather than endure the torments inflicted by these half-demons. He had not been seen for seven days. As to William Couture, I could scarcely see any means of being of service to him, for he had been put in a village at a distance from mine, and the Indians kept him so busy here and there, that I could no longer find him. He had, moreover, himself told me,—'Father, try to escape; as soon as I see no more of you, I will manage to get off. You know well that I remain in this captivity only for your sake; do your best, then, to escape, for I cannot think of my own liberty or life till I see you in safety.' Besides, this good young friend had been given to an old man, who assured him that he would let him go in peace, if I could effect my deliverance; so that I no longer saw any reason to remain on account of the French.

As to the Indians, instructing them was now out of the question, and almost hopeless; for the whole country was so excited against me, that I no longer found means to speak to them, or gain them; and the Algonquins and Hurons

kept aloof from me, as a victim destined to the flames, because they feared to come in for a share of the rage and hatred which the Iroquois bore me. I saw, too, that I had some knowledge of their language, that I knew their country and their strength, and that I could perhaps contribute better to their salvation in other ways than by remaining among them. All this knowledge, it occurred to me, would die with me if I did not escape. The wretches, too, had so little intention of giving us up, that they committed an act of perfidy against the right and custom of all these nations. An Indian of the country of the Sokokois, allies of the Iroquois, having been taken by the upper Algonquins and brought to Three Rivers or Quebec as a prisoner, was delivered and set at liberty by the intervention of the Governor of New France, at the solicitation of our Fathers. The good Indian, seeing that the French had saved his life, sent beautiful presents in the month of April to deliver at least one of the French. The Iroquois retained the presents without setting one of us at liberty; a treachery perhaps unexampled among these tribes, for they invariably observe the law, that whoso touches or accepts the present made him, must execute what is asked by the present. Accordingly, when they do not wish to grant what is desired, they send back the presents, or make others in their stead.

But to return to my purpose. Having weighed before God, with all possible abstraction from self, the reasons for remaining among the Indians, and those for leaving, I concluded that our Lord would be more pleased with my taking the opportunity to escape.

As soon as it was day I went to salute the Dutch Governor, and told him the resolution I had come to before God; he called for the officers of the ship, told them his intentions, and exhorted them to receive and conceal me—in a word, to carry me over to Europe. They replied, that if I could once set foot in their vessel, I was safe; I should not leave it till I reached Bordeaux or Rochelle. "Cheer up, then,' said the Governor; 'return with the Indians, and this evening, or in the night, steal off quietly and make for the river, there you will find a little boat which I will have ready to take you to the ship.' After most humble thanks to all those gentlemen, I left the Dutch the better to conceal my design. In the evening, I retired with ten or twelve Iroquois, to a barn, where we spent the night: before lying

down, I went out to see where I could most easily escape. The dogs then let loose ran at me, and a large and powerful one snapped at my bare leg and bit it severely; I immediately entered the barn, the Iroquois closed the door securely, and to guard me better, came and lay beside me, especially one who was in a manner appointed to watch me. Seeing myself beset with these mishaps, and the barn well shut and surrounded by dogs, that would betray me if I attempted to go out, I almost thought that I could not escape, I sweetly complained to my God, that having given the thought of escaping, 'He hath shut up my way with square stones, and in a spacious place my feet.' (Lament. iii. 9.) This whole night also I spent without sleep; towards day, I heard the cocks crow;—soon after, a servant of the Dutch farmer who had received us into his barn, entered by some door I did not see. I went up to him softly, and not understanding his Flemish, made him a sign to stop the dogs barking; he immediately went out, and I after him as soon as I had taken my little luggage, consisting of a Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, an Imitation of Christ, and a wooden cross which I had made to keep me in mind of my Saviour's sufferings. Having got out of the barn without making any noise or waking my guards, I climbed over a fence which enclosed the house, and ran straight to the river where the ship was; it was as much as my wounded leg could do, for the distance was a good quarter of a league. I found the boat as I had been told, but as the tide had gone down, it was high and dry; I pushed it to get it to the water, but finding it too heavy, I called to the ship to send me their boat to take me on board. There was no answer; I do not know whether they heard me; be that as it may, no one appeared, and day was now beginning to reveal to the Iroquois the robbery which I had made of myself, and I feared to be surprised in my innocent crime. Weary of hallooing, I returned to my boat, and praying to the Almighty to increase my strength, I succeeded at last so well by working it slowly on, and pushing stoutly, that I got it into the water. As soon as it floated, I jumped in and reached the vessel alone, unperceived by any Iroquois. I was immediately lodged in the bottom of the hold, and to hide me they put a large box on the hatch. I was two days and two nights in the hold of this ship, in such a state that I expected to be suffocated and die of the stench, when I remembered poor

Jonas, and prayed our Lord 'that I might not flee from His face,' (Jonas i. 3,) nor depart from His will; but on the contrary, 'that He would infatuate all counsels' (2 Kings xv. 31) that were not for His glory, and to keep me in the land of these heathen if He did not approve my retreat and flight.

The second night of my voluntary imprisonment, the Minister of the Hollanders came to tell me that the Iroquois had made much trouble, and that the Dutch settlers were afraid that they would set fire to their houses and kill their cattle. They have reason to fear them, for they are armed with good arquebuses. 'If,' I replied, 'for my sake this great tempest is upon you, cast me into the sea.' (Jonas i. 12.) If this trouble has been caused by me, I am ready to appease it at the loss of my life. I had never wished to escape to the injury of the least man in the colony.*

At last, then, I had to leave my den; the sailors took umbrage, saying 'that they had pledged their word in case I could set foot on the ship, and that they were now taking me off at the very moment when they should have brought me, had I not been there; that I had put my life in danger by escaping on their promise, and that, cost what it might, they must stick to it.' This honest bluntness touched me, but I begged them to let me go, as the captain, who had opened to me the doorway of escaping, now asked me back.† I was taken to his house, where he kept me concealed. These comings and goings were done by night, so that I was not discovered. In all this proceeding I might have urged my own reasons, but it was not for me to speak in my own cause, but rather to follow the commands of others; I cheerfully submitted. At last the captain told me that we must yield calmly to the storm, and wait till the minds of the Indians were appeased: in this advice all concurred. Here, then, I am a voluntary prisoner in his house, whence I write this. If you ask my thoughts in all this affair, I will tell you first, that the vessel which had wished to save me has gone off without me; second, that if our Lord does not in an almost miraculous way protect me, the Indians, who come and go here every moment, will dis-

* He could say no more, for, spent with sufferings of mind and body, and with want of food, he fell senseless on the deck.—*MS. of* F. Buteux.

† By Captain, he means apparently another than Van Curler, whom he calls Governor, for he was not in his house.

cover me; and if they ever believe that I am still here, I must necessarily be restored to their hands.

Now, when they had such fury against me before my flight, how will they treat me when I fall again into their power? I will die by no ordinary death; their fire, rage, and new-devised cruelties will wring out my life. Blessed be God's name for ever! We are ever in the bosom of His divine and adorable providence. 'Yea, the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows,' 'not one of whom falls to the earth without your Father.' (Luke xii. 7.)

I have been hidden ten or twelve days, and it is hardly possible that an evil day will not come upon me.

In the third place, you will see our great need of your prayers, and of the holy sacrifices of all our Fathers. Give us this alms 'that the Lord may render me fit to love Him, patient to endure, constant to persevere in His holy love and service." This and a little New Testament from Europe are my sole desires. Pray for these poor nations that burn and eat each other, that they may come to a knowledge of their Creator, and render Him the tribute of their love. 'I am mindful of you in my bonds,' captivity cannot enchain my remembrance.

I am, in heart and affection, &c.

Renselaerwyck, 30 August, 1643. *

IV.

LETTER OF FATHER JOGUES TO FATHER CHARLES LALEMANT.

RENNES, *January* 6, 1644.

'Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angels and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the Jews.' (Acts xii. 11.) The Iroquois came to the Dutch post about the middle of September, and made a great deal of disturbance, but at last received the presents made by the captain who had me concealed. They amounted to about three hundred livres, which I will endeavor to repay. All things being quieted,

* The Mohawks were not easily appeased, and Father Jogues remained a close prisoner for six weeks; so much neglected by his honest, but, it would seem, avaricious host, that he actually suffered hunger and thirst; for, though his excellent friend Megapolensis constantly sent him victuals from his own table, it was not always that his present reached the missionary.

I was sent to Manhattan, where the Governor of the country resides. He received me very kindly, gave me clothes, and passage in a vessel which crossed the ocean in mid-winter.

Having put in in England, I got on a collier's vessel which brought me to Lower Brittany, with a nightcap on my head, in utter want of every thing, as you landed at St. Sebastian, but not after two shipwrecks.*

V.

FATHER JOGUES' DESCRIPTION OF NEW NETHERLAND.

New Holland, which the Dutch call in Latin *Novum Belgium*—in their own language, *Nieuw Netherland*, that is to say, New Low Countries—is situated between Virginia and New England. The mouth of the river, which some people call Nassau, or the Great North River, to distinguish it from another which they call the South River, and from some maps that I have recently seen I think Maurice River, is at 40 deg. 30 min. The channel is deep, fit for the largest ships, which ascend to Manhatte's Island, which is seven leagues in circuit, and on which there is a fort to serve as the commencement of a town to be built here, and to be called New Amsterdam.

The fort, which is at the point of the island, about five or six leagues from the mouth, is called Fort Amsterdam; it has four regular bastions mounted, with several pieces of artillery. All these bastions and the curtains were, in 1643, but mounds, most of which had crumbled away, so that they entered the fort on all sides. There were no ditches. For the garrison of the said fort, and another which they had built still further up against the incursions of the savages, their enemies, there were sixty soldiers. They were beginning to face the gates and bastions with stone. Within the fort there was a pretty large stone church, the house of the Governor, whom they call Director General, quite neatly built of brick, the storehouses and barracks.

On the Island of Manhatte, and in its environs, there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations: the Director General told me that there were men of eighteen different languages; they are scattered here and there on the river, above and below, as the beauty and con-

* See Rel. 1642–3, p. 284.

venience of the spot invited each to settle: some, mechanics, however, who ply their trade, are ranged under the fort; all the others were exposed to the incursions of the natives, who, in the year 1643, while I was there, actually killed some two score Hollanders, and burnt many houses and barns full of wheat.

The river, which is very straight, and runs due north and south, is at least a league broad before the fort. Ships lie at anchor in a bay which forms the other side of the island, and can be defended from the fort.

Shortly before I arrived there, three large ships of 300 tons each had come to load wheat; two found cargoes, the third could not be loaded, because the savages had burnt a part of their grain. These ships came from the West Indies, where the West India Company usually keeps up seventeen ships of war."

No religion is publicly exercised but the Calvinist, and orders are to admit none but Calvinists, but this is not observed; for there are in the Colony besides the Calvinists, Catholics, English Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists, here called Mnistes, &c., &c. When any one comes to settle in the country, they lend him horses, cows, &c.; they give him provisions, all which he returns as soon as he is at ease; and as to the land, after ten years he pays to the West India Company the tenth of the produce which he reaps.

This country is bounded on the New England side by a river which they call the Fresche river, which serves as a boundary between them and the English. The English, however, come very near to them, choosing to hold lands under the Hollanders, who ask nothing, rather than depend on English Lords, who exact rents, and would fain be absolute. On the other side, southward, towards Virginia, its limits are the river which they call the South river, on which there is also a Dutch settlement, but the Swedes have one at its mouth extremely well supplied with cannons and men. It is believed that these Swedes are maintained by some Amsterdam merchants, who are not satisfied that the West India Company should alone enjoy all the commerce of these parts. It is near this river that a gold mine is reported to have been found.

See in the work of the Sieur de Laet of Antwerp, the table and chapter on New Belgium, as he sometimes calls it, or the map "Nova Anglia, Novum Belgium et Virginia."

It is about forty years since the Hollanders came to these parts. The fort was begun in the year 1615; they began to settle about twenty years ago, and there is already some little commerce with Virginia and New England.

The first comers found lands fit for use, formerly cleared by the savages, who had fields here. Those who came later have cleared the woods, which are mostly oak. The soil is good. Deer hunting is abundant in the fall. There are some houses built of stone:—lime they make of oyster shells, great heaps of which are found here, made formerly by the savages, who subsist in part by that fishery.

The climate is very mild. Lying at $40\frac{2}{3}°$ there are many European fruits, as apples, pears, cherries. I reached there in October, and found even then a considerable quantity of peaches.

Ascending the river to the 43d degree, you meet the second Dutch settlement, which the tide reaches but does not pass. Ships of a hundred and a hundred and twenty tons can come up to it.

There are two things in this settlement (which is called Renselaerswick, as if to say, settlement of Renselaers, who is a rich Amsterdam merchant)—1st, a miserable little fort called Fort Orange, built of logs, with four or five pieces of Breteuil cannon, and as many swivels. This has been reserved, and is maintained by the West India Company. This fort was formerly on an island in the river; it is now on the mainland, towards the Hiroquois, a little above the said island. 2d, a colony sent here by this Renselaers, who is the patron.—This colony is composed of about a hundred persons, who reside in some twenty-five or thirty houses built along the river, as each found most convenient. In the principal house lives the patron's agent; the Minister has his apart, in which service is performed. There is also a kind of Bailiff here, whom they call the Seneschal, who administers justice. Their houses are merely of boards and thatched, with no mason work except the chimneys. The forest furnishing many large pines, they make boards by means of their mills, which they have here for the purpose.

They found some pieces of ground all ready, which the savages had formerly cleared, and in which they sow wheat and

oats for beer, and for their horses, of which they have great numbers.* There is little land fit for tillage, being hemmed in by hills, which are poor soil. This obliges them to separate, and they already occupy two or three leagues of country.

Trade is free to all; this gives the Indians all things cheap, each of the Hollanders outbidding his neighbor, and being satisfied provided he can gain some little profit.

This settlement is not more than twenty leagues from the Agniehronons,† who can be reached by land or water, as the river on which the Iroquois lie, falls into that which passes by the Dutch, but there are many low rapids, and a fall of a short half league, where the canoe must be carried.

There are many nations between the two Dutch settlements, which are about thirty German leagues apart, that is, about fifty or sixty French leagues. The Loups, ‡ whom the Iroquois call Agotsagenens, are the nearest to Renselaerswick and Fort Orange. War breaking out some years ago between the Iroquois and the Loups, the Dutch joined the latter against the former; but four men having been taken and burnt, they made peace. Since then some nations near the sea have killed some Hollanders of the most distant settlement; the Hollanders killed one hundred and fifty Indians, men, women and children. They having then, at intervals, killed forty Hollanders, burnt many houses, and committed ravages, estimated at the time that I was there at 200,000 liv. (two hundred thousand livres,) they raised troops in New England. Accordingly, in the beginning of winter, the grass being trampled down and some snow on the ground, they gave them chase with six hundred men, keeping two hundred always on the move and constantly relieving one another; so that the Indians, shut up in a large island, and unable to flee easily, on account of their women and children, were cut to pieces to the number of sixteen hundred, including women and chil-

* The introduction of horses and of European fruits was much neglected by the French in Canada, and even later than this date an apple was a rarity.

† Mohawks.

‡ These are the Mohegans, whom Champlain, the first to know them, calls them "Mayganathicoise," which means "Wolf tribe," p. 173. The Indian name, Mohegan has been preserved in English, but the French, translating their name, generally call them Loups, that is, Wolves, though Mahingan is not unfrequent. Champlain puts them two days' march from the Yrocois, and three or four from the Dutch.

dren. This obliged the rest of the Indians to make peace, which still continues. This occurred in 1643 and 1644.

Three Rivers in New France,
August 3d, 1646.

VI.

LETTER OF FATHER JOGUES TO A FRIEND.

Alas, my dear Father, when shall I begin to love and serve Him whose love for us had no beginning? When shall I begin to give myself entirely to Him, who has given Himself unreservedly to me? Although I am very miserable, and have so misused the graces our Lord has done me in this country, I do not despair, as He takes care to render me better by giving me new occasions to die to self, and unite myself inseparably to Him.

The Iroquois have come to make some presents to our Governor to ransom some prisoners he held, and to treat of peace with him in the name of the whole country. It has been concluded, to the great joy of the French. It will last as long as pleases the Almighty.

To maintain it, and see what can be done for the instruction of these tribes, it is here deemed expedient to send some Father. I have reason to think I shall be sent, having some knowledge of the language and country. You see what need I have of the powerful aid of prayers, being amidst these savages. I will have to remain among them, almost without liberty to pray, without Mass, without Sacraments, and be responsible for every accident among the Iroquois, French, Algonquins, and others. But what do I say? my hope is in God, who needs not us to accomplish His designs. We must endeavor to be faithful to Him, and not spoil His work by our shortcomings. I trust you will obtain me this favor of our Lord, that, having led so wretched a life till now, I may at last begin to serve Him better.

My heart tells me that if I have the happiness of being employed in this mission, *Ibo et non redibo;* but I shall be happy if our Lord will complete the sacrifice where He has begun it, and make the little blood I have shed in that land the earnest of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart.

In a word, this people is 'a bloody spouse to me,'—'in

my blood have I espoused it to me.' (Exod. iv. 25.) May our good Master, who has purchased them in His blood, open to them the door of His Gospel, as well as to the four allied nations near them.

Adieu, dear Father; pray Him to unite me inseparably to Him. ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

VII.

LETTER OF FATHER JOGUES TO HIS SUPERIOR.

MONTREAL, *April*, 1646.

REVEREND FATHER:

The letter which it has pleased your Reverence to write found me in my retreat and in the exercises* which I had begun, there being no canoe to carry our letters. I chose this time, because the Indians, being at the chase, allow us to enjoy a greater silence.

Would you believe that, on opening your letter, my heart was at first seized with a kind of fear that what I desire, and what my soul should earnestly desire, might not arrive. Poor nature, mindful of the past, trembled; but our Lord, by His goodness, has given, and will again restore it calm.

Yes, Father, I will all that our Lord wills, and I will it at the peril of a thousand lives. Oh! how I should regret to lose so glorious an occasion, when it may depend only on me that some souls be saved! I hope that His goodness, which has not abandoned me in the hour of trial, will aid me still. He and I are able to trample down every difficulty that can oppose the project.

It is much to be '*in medio nationis pravæ*,' without Mass, without Altar, without Confession, without Sacraments; but His Holy will and divine providence so will it.

He who, by His holy grace, preserved us without these helps for eighteen or twenty months, will not refuse us the same favor, for we do not thrust ourselves into this work, but undertake this voyage solely to please Him, without consulting all the repugnances of nature.

* To make a retreat or perform the spiritual exercises is to give a certain time, usually eight days, to silence, prayer, meditation, pious reading, and self-examination. This is required annually by the rules of some religious orders, and is a common practice with the devout in Catholic countries, where suitable houses are to be found adapted for this temporary retirement.

As to all these comings and goings of the Iroquois, what I can say is, that I see very few from the first two towns; yet it is with them chiefly that we are concerned, as the last killed were of these villages. Scarcely any have come, except from the last village, where Couture was; and they profess, at least in words, not to come as warriors in these parts. It is not, however, with these last that we must dwell, but with those whom we do not see.

I thank you affectionately for sending me your Huron principles. Send the rest when you please. What I need is chiefly prayers, formularies for confession, *et ejusdem generis.* I will thereby become your debtor, as I am already on so many grounds. I owe your Reverence the account of the 'Capture and death of good René Goupil,' which I should have sent already. If the bearer of this give me time, I will send it along.

If God wills that I go to the Iroquois, my companion must be virtuous, docile, courageous, and willing to suffer something for God. It would be well for him to know how to make canoes, so that we can go and return without calling on the Indians.

VIII.

CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF RENE GOUPIL.

BY FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

René Goupil was a native of Angers, who, in the bloom of life, earnestly asked admission into our novitiate at Paris, where he remained some months with great edification. His bodily ailments having deprived him of the happiness of consecrating himself in the holy state of religion as he had wished, he crossed over to New France, as soon as he grew better, to serve the Society there, as he had not had the happiness of giving himself to it in the *old.* And to do nothing of his own head, though perfect master of his actions, he submitted himself entirely to the direction of the superior of the mission, who employed him for two whole years in the meanest employments of the house, which he discharged with great humility and charity. They also gave him the care of tending the sick and wounded in the hospital, a post he filled with great ability, for he was well skilled in surgery, and with equal love and charity always

beholding our Lord in the person of his patients. So sweet an odor of his goodness and other virtues did he leave in that place, that his memory is still in benediction there.

As we descended from the Hurons in July, 1642, we asked the Reverend Father Vimont to let us take him, as the Hurons greatly needed a surgeon, and he consented. It were impossible to express the joy of this good young man when the Superior told him to prepare for the voyage. He knew, withal, the great dangers on the river; he knew how furious the Iroquois were against the French; yet all this could not deter him from embarking for Three Rivers, at the slightest sign of His will, to whom he had voluntarily resigned all that concerned him.

We left there (Three Rivers) on the first of August, the morrow of the Feast of our Holy Father. On the second, we met the enemy, who, divided into two bands, awaited us, with all the advantage which a large number of picked men, fighting on land, can have over a smaller one of all kinds on the water in bark canoes.

Almost all the Hurons had fled into the wood, and, having left us, we were taken. Here his virtue was strikingly displayed; for as soon as he was taken, he said: 'Father! blessed be God, He has permitted it; He has wished it; His holy will be done! I love it, I wish it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all my heart.' While the enemy pursued the fugitives, I confessed him and gave him absolution, not knowing what was to befall us after our capture. The enemy, having returned from the chase, fell on us with their teeth, like furious dogs, tore out our nails and crunched our fingers, all which he endured with great patience and courage.

His presence of mind in so distressing an accident was shown specially in his aiding me, in spite of the pain of his wounds, in instructing, as far as he could, the Huron prisoners who were not yet Christians. As I was instructing them separately, and as they came to me, he reminded me that a poor old man named Ondŏterraon might well be one of those to be killed on the spot, it being then the custom always to sacrifice some one to the heat of their rage. I instructed this old man carefully while the enemy were busied with the division of the booty of twelve canoes, a part of which were laden with necessaries for our Huron Fathers. The spoil being divided, they killed the poor old man almost at the

very moment when I had given him a new birth. During our march to the enemy's country, we had the additional consolation of being together; and here I witnessed many virtues.

On the way, he was always absorbed in God. His words and conversation were all in perfect submissiveness to the orders of Divine Providence and a voluntary acceptance of the death which God sent him. He offered himself to him as a holocaust, to be reduced to ashes in the fires of the Iroquois, which that good Father should enkindle. In all, and by all, he sought means to please Him. One day—it was soon after our capture—he told me, while still on the way,—'Father! God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to His holy service by the vows of religion in His holy Society; till now, my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace; yet I hope that our Lord will accept the offering I wish to make Him now, and to take, in the best manner that I can, the vows of the Society, in the presence of my God and before you.' Having permitted him, he pronounced them with great devotion.

Wounded as he was, he dressed the wounds of others, not only of the prisoners, but even of such of the enemy as had received any wound in the combat. He also bled a sick Iroquois, and did all with as much charity as if he were doing it to his dearest friends.

His humility and the obedience he paid to his captors, confounded me. The Iroquois, who had us both in their canoe, told me to take a paddle and use it. Proud even in death, I would not. Some time after, they told him to do it, and he immediately began to paddle; but when he perceived that the Indians wished to compel me to do so after his example, he begged my pardon. At times, on the way, I suggested to him thoughts of flight, as the liberty given us afforded him abundant opportunity. For my own part, I could not forsake a Frenchman and twenty-four or five Huron prisoners. He would never do it, resigning himself entirely to the will of our Lord, who inspired him with no such thought.

On the Lake (Champlain), we met two hundred Iroquois, who came to Richelieu, when they began to build the fort; they covered us with stripes, drenched us, as in blood, and made us experience the rage of men possessed by the

devil. All these outrages and cruelties he endured with great patience and charity for those who ill-treated him.

On entering the first town where we were so cruelly treated, he showed extraordinary patience and mildness. Having fallen under the hail of blows of clubs and iron rods poured on us, and unable to rise, he was carried, as it were, half-dead on the scaffold, where we were already, in the middle of the town, but in so pitiable a state that he would have moved cruelty itself to compassion; he was all livid with bruises, and in his face we could distinguish nothing but the white of his eyes; yet he was the more beautiful in the eyes of angels as he was more disfigured; and like Him of whom it is said, 'We have seen Him as a leper,' &c.; 'There was in Him neither comeliness nor beauty.'

Scarcely had he, or even we, recovered breath, when they came and gave him three blows on the shoulders with a heavy club, as they had done to us. After cutting off a thumb from me as the most important, they turned to him and cut off his right thumb at the first joint. During this cruel operation, he constantly repeated, 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph.' During the six days that we were exposed to all those who chose to maltreat us, he displayed extraordinary mildness; his breast was all burnt by the live coals and ashes which the boys threw on his body when he was tied down on the ground at night. Nature gave me more dexterity than him in escaping some of these pains.

After our life was granted us, just after we had been warned to prepare to be burned, he fell sick in great want of every thing, especially of food, for he was not accustomed to theirs. Here truly it may be said, '*Non cibus utilis ægro.*' I could not relieve him, being also sick, and not having one finger sound, or whole.

But I must hasten to his death, which wants nothing to be that of a martyr.

After we had been six weeks in the country, as confusion arose in the councils of the Iroquois, some of whom were for sending us back, we lost all hope, which in me had never been sanguine, of seeing Three Rivers that year. We consoled one another then at this disposal of Providence, and prepared for all He should ordain in our regard. He did not see the danger we were in so clearly: I saw it better. This made me often tell him to hold himself in readiness. Accordingly, one day when in our mental pain,

we had gone out of the town to pray more becomingly and undisturbed by noise, two young men came after us and told us to return home. I had some presentiment of what was to happen, and told him: "My dear brother, let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to our good mother the Blessed Virgin, thèse men have some evil design, as I think." We had a little before offered ourselves to our Lord with much devotion, beseeching him to accept our lives and blood, and unite them to his life and blood for the salvation of these poor tribes. We were returning then towards the town reciting our beads, of which we had already said four decades. Having stopped near the gate of the town to see what they would say, one of these two Iroquois drew an axe which he had hidden under his blanket, and dealt René a blow on the head as he stood before him; he fell stiff on his face on the ground, uttering the holy name of Jesus, for we had often reminded each other to close our voice and life with that holy name. I turned at the blow and seeing the reeking hatchet, fell on my knees to receive the blow that was to unite me to my loved companion, but as they delayed I rose, ran to him, as he lay expiring near me. They gave him two more blows on the head and extinguished life but not before I had given him absolution, which since our captivity, I had given him regularly after his confession every other day.

It was the —— day of September, the feast of St. Michael, that this angel in innocence, and martyr of Christ, gave his life for him, who had given him His. They commanded me to return to my cabin, where I awaited during the rest of the day and the next the same treatment. It was the belief of all that I would not wait long, as they had begun it, and in fact for several days they came to kill me, but our Lord prevented it by ways, which would take long to explain. Early the next morning, I did not fail to start out to inquire where they had thrown that blessed body, for I wished to inter it, cost what it might. Some Iroquois who had a wish to save me, said, "Thou hast no sense; thou seest that they seek thee every where to kill thee, and thou goest out still, thou wilt go to seek a body already half puterfied, which has been dragged far from here. Seest thou not, those young men going out, who will kill thee, when thou art past the palisade." This did not stop me, and our Lord gave me courage enough to be willing to

die in that office of charity. I go, I seek, and by the help of an Algonquin taken, and now a real Iroquois, I find it. After he had been killed, the children had stripped him and tieing a cord around his neck, dragged him to a torrent which runs at the foot of the town. The dogs had already gnawed a part of his thighs. At this spectacle, I could not withhold my tears. I took the body and aided by the Algonquin, I sank it in the water and covered it with large stones, to hide it, intending to return the next day with a spade, when there was no one near and dig a grave and inter it. I thought the body well hidden, but perhaps some one saw us, especially of the youth, and took it up.

The next day as they sought to kill me, my aunt sent me to her field to escape as I think; this compelled me to defer it till the next day. It rained all night so that the torrent was extremely swelled; I borrowed a hoe in another cabin, the better to conceal my design, but on approaching the place, could not find the blessed deposit; I entered the water already quite cold, I go and come, I sound with my feet to see whether the water had not raised and carried off the body, but I saw nothing. How many tears I shed, which fell in the torrent, while I sang as I could the psalms which the church chant for the dead. After all I found nothing, and a woman known to me who passed by, seeing me in trouble, told me,when I asked her whether she did not know what had been done with it, that it had been dragged to the river which is a quarter of a league from there, and with which I was not acquainted. This was false, the young men had taken it up and dragged it to a neighboring wood, where during the fall and winter it was the food of the dog, the crow, and the fox. When I was told in the spring that he had been dragged there, I went several times without finding any thing; at last, the fourth time, I found his head and some half-gnawed bones, which I interred, intending to carry them off, if taken back to Three Rivers as was then talked of. Repeatedly did I kiss them as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ.

I give him this title, not only because he was killed by the enemies of God, and his church, in the exercise of an ardent love for his neighbor, putting himself in evident perils for the love of God, but particularly because he was killed for prayer, and expressly for the Holy Cross. He was in a cabin where he prayed daily, which scarcely pleased

a superstitious old man there. One day seeing a little child, three or four years old, in the cabin, from an excess of devotion and a love of the cross, and in a simplicity which we who are more prudent according to the flesh would not have had, he took off his cap and putting it on the child's head made the sign of the cross on his body. The old man seeing it ordered a young man in his cabin, who was starting on a war party, to kill him, and he obeyed the order as we have seen.

The mother of the child herself, in a voyage which I made with her, told me that he had been killed for that sign of the cross, and the old man who had given the order to kill him, invited me one day to his cabin to dinner, but when I made the sign of the cross before beginning, he said: "There is what we hate; that is what we killed thy comrade for, and will kill thee too. Our neighbors, the Europeans, do not make it." Sometimes too as I prayed on my knees in hunting time, they told me that they hated that way of doing, and had killed the other Frenchman for it and would kill me too, when I got back to the village.

I beg pardon of your Reverence for the precipitation with which I write this, and my want of respect in so doing. Excuse me, if you please; I feared to miss this opportunity of discharging a debt I should long since have discharged.

VIII.

LETTER OF GOVERNOR KIEFT TO GOVERNOR DE MONTMAGNY.

"To M. De Montmagny, *Governor of New France.*

"Monsieur, Monsieur:

"I wrote a reply to that which you were pleased to honor me with by Father de Jogues, dated May 15, and I sent it to Fort Orange to deliver it to said F. de Jogues; but he not having returned as expected, it was not immediately sent. This will serve, then, to thank your Excellency for your remembrance of me, which I shall endeavor to return, if it please God to give me an opportunity. I send this through the Northern Section by the English or Monsieur d'Aunay, in order to advise you of the massacre of F. Isaac de Jogues and his companions, perpetrated by the barbarous and inhuman Maquaas, or Iroquois; as also of

their design to surprise you, under color of a visit, as you will see by the enclosed, which, though badly written and spelt, will, to our great regret, give you all the particulars. I am sorry that the subject of this is not more agreeable; but the importance of the affair has not permitted me to be silent. Our minister above carefully inquired of the chiefs of this canaille their reasons for the wretched act, but he could get no answer from them but this, that the said Father had left, among some articles that he had left in their keeping, a devil, who had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten up by worms.* This is all I can at present write to you. Praying God to vouchsafe to guard you and yours from this treacherous nation, and assuring you that I am

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM KIEFT.

"Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland, Nov. 14, 1646."

IX.

LETTER OF JAN LABATIE TO MONSIEUR LA MONTAGNE.

(Enclosed in the foregoing.)

"Praised be God at Fort Orange!

"MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR LA MONTAGNE:

"I have not wished to lose this occasion of letting you know my state of health. I am in good health, thank God, and pray God that it may be so with you and your children.

"I have not much more, but how the French arrived the seventeenth of this month at the Maquaas Fort. This is to let you know how those ungrateful barbarians did not wait till they were fairly arrived at their cabins, where they were stripped all naked, without shirt, only they gave each a pair of drawers to cover decency.

"The very day of their coming they began to threaten

* The allusion here is to Dominoe John Megapolensis, to whom the Indians brought some of the books and clothes of the murdered missionary. The friendship existing between this early representative of the Dutch Church in New York and the Catholic missionaries, is one of the most pleasing incidents in this period. To his kind solicitude and subsequent hospitality, two acknowledged that, next to God, they owed their lives. A correspondence was subsequently carried on between them, and the missionaries lost no opportunity of expressing their gratitude to so eminent a benefactor, and the name of this clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church is deservedly honored by the Catholics of New York.

them, and immediately with fists and clubs, saying: 'You shall die to-morrow! Do not be astonished, we shall not burn you; take courage; we shall strike you with an axe, and put your heads on the palisade, that your brothers may see you yet, when we take them.' You must know that it was only the Bear nation that killed them. Knowing that the Wolf and Tortoise tribes have done all that they could to save their lives, and said against the Bear, 'Kill us first;' but, alas, they are no longer alive. Know, then, that the eighteenth, in the evening, they came to call Isaac to supper. He got up and went away with the savage to the Bear's lodge; as entering the lodge, there was a traitor with his hatchet behind the door. On entering, he split open his head, and at the same time cut off his head and put it on the palisade. The next morning early he did the same with the other, and threw their bodies into the river. Monsieur, I have not been able to know or hear from any savage why they killed them.

"Besides this their envy and enterprise, they are going with three or four hundred men to try and surprise the French, to do the same as they did to the others; but God grant they don't accomplish their design.

"It would be desirable that Monsieur should be warned, but there is no way to do it from here. Monsieur, I have no more to write, but I remain

"Your very humble and affectionate servant and friend,

"JAN LABATIE.*

"Monsieur, I beg you (give) my baisemains (respects) to the Governor.

"Written at Fort Orange, Oct. 30, 1646."

* Labatie was the French interpreter at Albany, and had, with Van Curler, visited the Mohawk castles for the rescue of the missionary in 1642.

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